

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



THE BABY OF THE GAIETY COMPANY: MISS JOYCE BARBOUR, OF "TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT."

Miss Barbour, one of the pretty girls to be seen in "To-night's the Night," is only fifteen. She is known to the Gaiety Company as "Baby."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE PICK OF "PICK-A-DILLY": THE PAVILION REVUE.



FEMININE TROUSERS, INVERTED CRINOLINES, AND "ECONOMY" IN DRESS: CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

The new revue at the Pavilion, "Pick-a-Dilly," by C. H. Bovill, with music by Kennedy Russell, is a very bright and amusing show, fulfilling the promise of pace and gaiety suggested by its title. There is much originality in the matter of costume. We get, for instance, new ideas in the style of feminine trousers, a garment which the exigencies of war-time have brought into serious everyday use for women in some of their new occupations. Who knows but it may pass from the domain of utility

into that of fashion? The crusade against extravagance in dress is turned to amusing uses in "We must economise," played by the ladies seen in the right-hand photograph in the middle of this page. Their names are (from left to right) Miss Amy Elliot, Miss Zoe Gordon, and Miss Dorothy Hanson. In the "snow-balling" scene at the foot of the page the figures are (left to right) Misses Amy Elliot, Dorothy Hanson, Kitty Fielder, and Zoe Gordon.—[Photographs by Wrather and Buys.]

THE "PEN" OF TWO READY WRITERS: LADY PENELOPE.



"Lady Penelope Brading."

PLAYING THE NAME-PART IN "PEN," THE NEW PIECE AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE :
MISS MARIE HEMINGWAY.

Miss Marie Hemingway is cast for the part of Lady Penelope Brading in Mr. H. A. Vachell's new comedy, "Pen," due for production at the St. James's this afternoon (Wednesday, May 3). The play has been "freely adapted" from Mr. Morley Roberts' novel, "Lady Penelope." Miss Hemingway made her stage debut as Nahasi in "False Gods," at His Majesty's, in 1909, and has since had many opportunities of

increasing her reputation as a clever comedy actress. Last year she was appearing at the Haymarket as Posy in "Quinney's," a character that would no doubt appeal to her, as she herself hails from Yorkshire. Among other parts she has played on the London stage have been those of Fanny Willoughby in "Quality Street," Maria in "The School for Scandal," and Honorine in "Trilby."—[Photo. by Ella Malcolm.]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS.

TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

"THE SLICE-AND-SMILE STUNT."

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

DO you remember my telling you, some long time ago already, about the posters preaching on "Bad Form in Dress"? They can be seen everywhere in London, with this new addition, "Not Only Bad Form, but Unpatriotic." Especially have they been pasted profusely on the walls of the Carlton—good shot! But the London authorities, or whoever evolved these advices to women, are tact, delicacy, discretion, reticence itself compared to the Munich arbiters of clothes economy. I suppose you have read in the papers how "a lady belonging to one of the best military families in Bavaria" was run in because a hard-hearted, hard-to-please policeman didn't approve of the cut, or texture, or colour of her frock, or of the number of her frills. Her smartness had soured him. He decided that the lady was too expensively dressed for patriotism. The whole thing would be incredible if incredible things, made in Germany, had not forced themselves on the unbelief of the humane and the humourist. This is of a par with the pre-war story of how the Kaiser had once put his imperious foot down on the number of buttons his Imperial daughter had deemed necessary to have on her new costume. "So many buttons and not one button more," had been the Emperor's decree. Each button, it was said, cost one franc each (*articles de Paris*, of course), and there is no small economy—neither is there too small a tyranny, it would seem!

Unfortunate Fraus! I wouldn't be surprised to hear that the very busks from their corsets, the very clips from their suspenders, their hair-pins and curling-irons had been extracted and commandeered by law as metal for munitions!

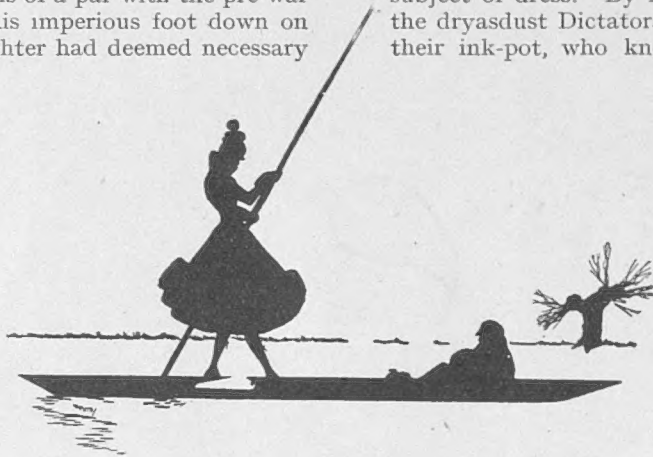
Can you imagine one of those handsome and amiable giants in blue (I confess to a penchant towards your policemen) who regulate London traffic, or can you imagine even the most zealous, misguided, unsociable "special" holding us up in Bond Street to ascertain the quality of our linings, the cut of our "coat-frocks," the authenticity of our laces, and whether the transparency of our stockings is due to artificial (and permitted) silk or to tabooed "best Lyons"? Why, the very silkworms would turn!

You and I know—I because I am a woman, you because (to parody the poet) though you are not woman, you have been near her!—we know, we can make a pretty good guess, at the figure behind the dress—by figure I mean price, of course! But how could a German policeman? Is there anything more deceptive than a dress? It may be all "illusion," as net is called; but he who is privileged to pay will find it a pretty stiff reality. A "dream" of a frock is often much more of a nightmare. Or, again, it may be a "cloud" of lace and chiffon and such vaporous stuffs; but it is the sort of cloud that precedes a storm!

I wonder what the German grumblers would say, then, to the wonderful frock made for Marjorie Patterson, the new Phrynette in "L'Enfant Prodigue"—the first fair Phrynette in the play, by the way. In Act II. she wears a hooped skirt of rose-pink tulle, with flowers fainting on the flounces. The small bodice is of a young



"He who is privileged to pay will find it a pretty stiff reality."



"It is not quite hot enough yet for watery wooing."

leaf-green, shaped like the calyx of a rose; and the whole justifies the enormously long bills of Phrynette. That flower-like frock, for example, that moss-rose of a robe, would prove to have something of a thorn for poor Pierrot or the naughty Baron: a big, heavy thorn weighing some sixty pounds—guineas, I beg your pardon! Am I right?

The Munich police may have a particularly Kultiured taste, yet I defy them, without a special 'prenticeship, to quote correctly the value of women's clothes. So much depends on the woman herself, on how she puts on her

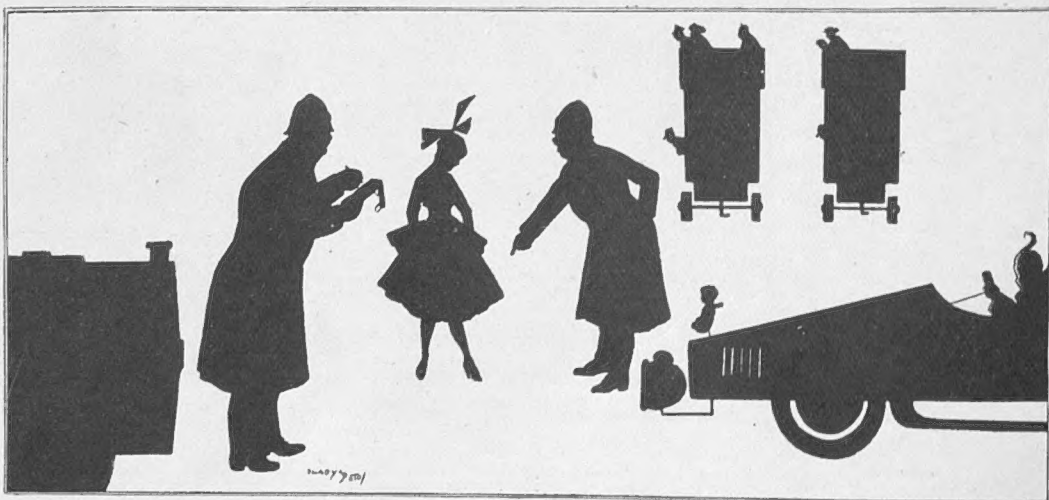
clothes, on where she goes for them, on her care of them, on the cleverness of her maid, her own taste and originality. I have often heard silk and velvet pronounced as if they were spelt ermine and gold brocade; but, in fact, one could have several fluffy silk frocks of indifferent cut and quality, with lace in plenty, for one severe serge tailor-made that has been fitted at the right place. Would the clothes Censor want to see even the tailor tabs on our backs? It would interest me vastly to collect men's own frank opinion on the subject of dress. By men I don't mean the Munich males, nor the dryasdust Dictators, nor the Official fossils, sheltered behind their ink-pot, who know more about red tape than ribbon—

I mean you. It is you we want to please in the matter of dress, as in others. I know that even among you there must be some of those politely vague dears who, when one asks them if they like one's new rags, answer that anything looks charming on one, or don't even answer but start demonstrating! First of all, a woman doesn't like her fluffs to be called "anything"; secondly, she wants you to appreciate, and discriminate, and show an intelligent interest.

I was very much amused at what one of you told me *en confidence* the other day. He is a good *parti*—gay, good-looking, with enough money for two not to quarrel or worry, and, what makes him still more interesting, he came back from the front picturesquely bandaged about. If kindness could kill, he would never survive his London convalescence. He has escaped from the hands of the Huns, but match-making mammas are menacing his well-earned peace wherever he goes. The other evening he was cornered by a determined hostess with three non-disposed-of daughters. As my friend had been amiable towards the eldest, mamma had hopes. After dinner, while Mabel was at the piano, mamma managed to sing her praise to the helpless and polite you (who is not thinking of matrimony for a reason which may not be a very good reason; but, what will you, he loves her—this

between ourselves). He was dreaming about his "reason," while vaguely listening to mamma babbling of Mabel. "The dear child," she was saying, "is not like other girls—so domesticated and economical; none of my daughters has bought anything since the war began. This frock, for instance, that Mabel is wearing, she made it herself" (it certainly looked it); "she wouldn't wear expensive clothes—in fact, she doesn't care for clothes."

"Doesn't she, really?" said the you, waking up. "Ripping things, women's togs, though—I just dote on clothes myself!" And he fell again to dreaming of his "reason" in her ravishing rags, and



"Can you imagine one of those handsome and amiable giants in blue . . . holding us up in Bond Street to examine the transparency of our stockings?"

of his "reason" pure and simple, and never heard either Mabel's thumping on the piano nor Mabel's mamma's litany of her daughter's perfections. As I told him, he'll never be asked there again, which did not cause him to weep. "And do you love clothes so much as all that," I asked, "*par dessus tout?*" "Oh, I say!" he grinned. Well, now, whenever I speak French I'm suspected of being frivolous, and yet I was literal and solemn, as always!

They are making war even upon their own shop-windows in Germany. Army Generals are threatening to close every shop in which would-be French fashions are exhibited. Can you imagine your Lord Kitchener "doing" Bond Street, striding up and down with a fierce eye on the modiste's displays, trying to discriminate what was this year's, what was last year's, sometimes—never? Though I am certain it would be easier to distinguish between the Fraus' efforts and the forbidden fashions copied from the French papers, for London is so near to Paris these years. It's getting nearer and dearer, isn't it?

How dull the streets would be if all the modes, amusing because new, were to be replaced by stale goods left from last year's sale! Why, the other afternoon, as I was coming back from tea-ing and strawberry-ing with one of yous, as we were passing an alluring and instructive shop-window wherein a very pink and smiling dummy, poised on one foot, was tight-lacing herself, the You confessed to me that he never passed that particular shop without stopping and studying *dessous*, and making a mental choice of what he would like his wife to wear! He hasn't got a wife, so far; but, when he has, he will be vastly interested in her trousseau.

What will the goods allowed by the German Generals to be exhibited consist of, I wonder? Red flannel petticoats and uninspiring long-cloth *lingerie*?

The river has been very gay with yous and Hers ever since Easter. It is not quite hot enough yet for watery wooing, in my opinion; but, then, you are an

"While vaguely listening to mamma babbling of Mabel."

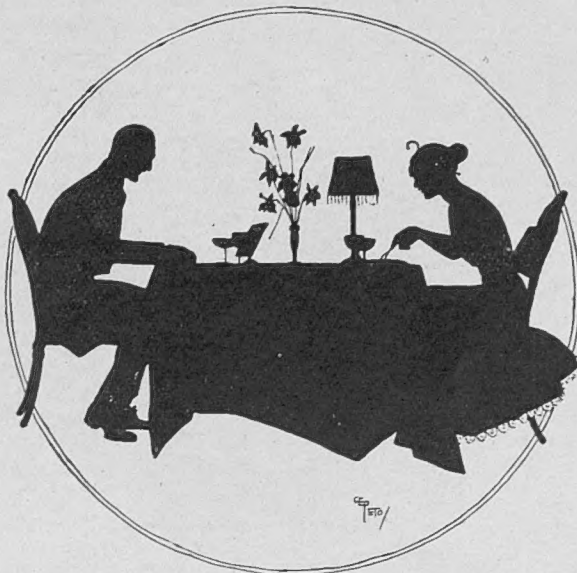
amphibious race, aren't you? I met Hilda and Dick getting out of a Canadian canoe in Richmond. Jolly things, these canoes, only you have got to keep so still in them; no craft for vivacious people at all—got to wriggle in whispers, so to speak, unless you want to see whether weeds have roots! Dick had his left hand swathed in white. I lifted my eyebrows. "Hullo, I knew you were home on leave," I said; "but Hilda never told me you were wounded."

"Oh, a mere *scratch*!" he mumbled. That was the traditional thing to say; but I couldn't understand why they both laughed, and why Hilda blushed. She called yesterday, however, and explained, with much gurgling and dimpling, that Dick was exact to the letter when he spoke of a *scratch*. Hilda has a treacherous buckle on the belt of her coat, and poor Dick got ploughed in the wrist with two deep red lines. They would have been nothing in themselves, but he foolishly bathed the wound in the river; and, Thames water

not being of the purest, the scratch, instead of healing, became worse, and Hilda insisted on wrapping it up preciously. I am not sure how much of the bandaging was due to care and how much to swank on Hilda's part—she seemed so proud by the side of her would-be wounded! For I have told you before, but it will bear repetition—the glory of your wounds has a grip on us that your mere pre-war good looks never had. I saw such a pretty, pathetic scene the other evening at Ciro's. You, a little self-conscious, but quite pleased really; and She, important and grave, and oh! so happy, cutting

your meat for you and peeling your peach for you, proffering her two adroit hands for the right one you had lost. I believe she was actually grudging the waiter the privilege of waiting on you!

By-and-by, when you have become more accustomed to using your left hand, I am sure She will sub-consciously feel somewhat sorry that you shall need her service a little less.



"She, important and grave, and oh! so happy, cutting your meat for you."

and fair women at their fairest, that's what our men's eyes should first feast upon when they arrive—*hein*, Phrynette?"

"But," I said, "there's washing-up to be done; and what of the freshness of frocks after a few days in dusty, dirty stations?"

Cynicuss smiled. "Suppose," he said "that the washing-up is done by the dowdy ones, whom no one would see, and the handing of cups and the slice-and-smile stunt by the most fascinating of the lot in their gladdest *At Home* gowns—that would cheer the boys no end!" It's Cynicuss's suggestion, not mine—so, ladies, please don't scratch my eyes out!

The *poilus* are complaining playfully—'tis not often they complain, our patriotic *petits poilus*, but what will yous? It goes against the grain to give the lie to one's surname and become hairless "*poilus*"! It seems that the protecting masks used against gas attacks cannot fit closely enough with the bushy whiskers of our *braves*, so the authorities have bid them sharpen their razors and shed their beard. And the French soldiers are as proud of their beards as yous are of your chins (or yous should be!) They tell me that, shorn of their "*bouc*," or "*mouche*," or "*fan*," or "*impériale*," they now feel something of what Samson must have felt—only they haven't been caught napping, and there isn't even a Delila to charm and shear!

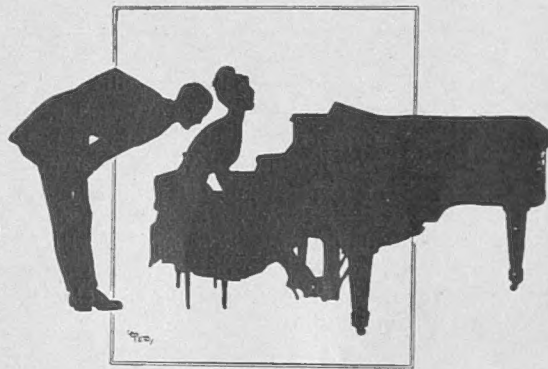
Many thanks to Lieut. E. G. L. for his flattering letter. Why

didn't you write eleven months ago, when you wanted to? *Mieux vaut tard que jamais*, however. Yes, it is "cruelty to children," but you are a precocious "Child," aren't you? I don't know whether "enlargements of Gladys Peto's priceless drawings are to be got for love or money," but I shall forward your request.

To Lieut. G. D. B. and his comrades—I am never too much "swamped" with correspondence that I don't read and appreciate every letter that comes from yous. I'll inquire for you where you

can get the song "All Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go" out of "Follow the Crowd." "We boast of a gramophone in our mess," you say; "in fact, as of course you know, a gramophone is as recognised an adjunct of modern warfare as the machine-gun! We like to keep our old friend well fed with the latest revue songs."

I heard a new waltz—a waltz-duet in "Toto"—to the rhythm of which I think your "Old Friend" would like to turn. It is one of your Joyce's joy-songs called "Hearts That Were Aching." I liked it awfully. Shall I inquire about that one too?



"Don't even answer, but start demonstrating!"



"But match-making mammas are menacing his well-earned peace wherever he goes."

SMALL TALK

THE Commons seemed very anxious to impress on Mr. Birrell the fact that he ought to have been in Dublin during the events of last week, or to despatch him to the scene of action. More to the point, however, was the greater anxiety, felt by everybody outside the House, as to the people who were in Dublin at the time of the rising. The Duchess of Westminster, for instance, was known to have gone for a short visit to the Irish capital only a few days before, and Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne, Lord and Lady Desart, Lady Waterford, and Lord and Lady Donoughmore had all left for Ireland about Easter time. Most of these, we take it, made only a passing stay in Dublin on their way to their own homes, but the Duchess's engagements were all in the distressful capital.

The Contrast. Lord Westmorland's choice of a bride from the quiet ranks of the Baptists provides his family with a notable contrast in Countesses. "Dashing" is a word that has gone out of fashion, but it is difficult to find a better for Lord Westmorland's first wife, who was known before her marriage as Lady Sybil St. Clair-Erskine. A sister of Millie Duchess of Sutherland, she was possessed of the same enterprise and more than the Duchess's liveliness. Vital in manner, alert in expression, tall and—shall we say it?—irrepressible, she represented everything we fail to associate with the black cloth of Nonconformity. One can hear the tinkle of her gold cigarette-case and match-box—a sound never heard, we imagine, in the Herne Bay home of Miss Catherine Geale.



MARRIED ON APRIL 26: MISS MARGERY DUNN (MRS. W. R. DE WEND-FENTON).

Mrs. de Wend-Fenton, daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. R. H. Dunn, was married on Wednesday last to Major W. R. de Wend-Fenton, Lancashire Hussars, son of the late Mr. William Fenton de Wend-Fenton, of Underbank Hall, Yorkshire, and Mrs. de Wend-Fenton, of Hungerford.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

grand-daughter of the eleventh Earl, she named her soldier-son after her father, the Julian Fane of many a Victorian title-page.



A FAMILY GROUP: THE CHILDREN OF THE MARQUESS OF EXETER.

The Marquess of Exeter, in 1901, married the Hon. Myra Rowena Sibell Orde-Powlett, only daughter of the fourth Baron Bolton. Their children, shown in this pretty group, are: Lord Burghley, heir to the Marquessate, born in 1905; Lord William Martin Alleyne Cecil, born in 1909; Lady Letitia Sibell Winifred Cecil, born in 1903; and the little Lady Romaine Elizabeth Alghitha Cecil, born last year.

Photograph by Beales.

Going Over to the Major.

Millicent Duchess of Sutherland is but one of many of Lord Westmorland's interested relatives. She herself made a second marriage that varied almost as much as any marriage could vary from her first. Instead of a Duke she accepted a Major; instead of an owner of immeasurable acres, she allied herself to a gallant and hard-working soldier. Lady Desborough, too, is related to Lord Westmorland. A



TO MARRY COMMANDER FRANCIS S. RISING, R.N.: MISS RUBY IRENE JENKINS. Commander Rising is in H.M.S. "Akbar." Miss Jenkins is on the staff of the Royal Free Hospital.

Photograph by Vandyk.



ENGAGED TO COM. THE HON. W. S. LEVESON-GOWER, R.N.: LADY ROSE BOWES-LYON. Lady Rose Bowes-Lyon is daughter of the Earl of Strathmore. Commander the Hon. William Spencer Leveson-Gower, R.N., is brother of Earl Granville.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.

The Right Thing. The Nada Torby-Battenberg engagement was the event of the week for a large circle of Londoners. The Cunarders, with all their tributary groups and cliques, were, of course, full of it rather before anybody else; but it did not take long for the news to reach the outer world. Everybody was pleased. When a girl has won so much admiration, and so many close friends, it is expected of her—quite unreasonably—that she should gratify them all by an engagement. Countess Nada's has contrived to do so. Hers is a love-match, and patriotic into the bargain.

Sent to Coventry. For the second time in his life Lord Coventry has received extremely disquieting news of his second son. Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. C. J. Coventry had just entered his thirties when, after the Jameson Raid, he was reported dead. A contradiction came too late to stop the memorial service at Croome; and even when it did arrive there was still some uncertainty as to the ultimate fate of the raiders. On the verge of fifty, and for some years retired from the Regular Army, he nevertheless took up arms again at the outbreak of the present war, and is now a prisoner with the other Worcester Yeomen taken at Katia.

Lady Arthur Paget's Fair.

For years the Caledonian Market has attracted the wily collector. Little search-parties, feeling rather like Arctic explorers, have motored north to Islington, and ransacked the wind-swept waste of stalls. Once or twice a Lady Diana or a Lord Clanricarde has captured a two-and-sixpenny article for sixpence, or a five-guinea antique for a fifth of that figure; but a reversal of such values more truly represents the usual result of a deal with the Wertheimers of the cobbles. Now Lady Arthur Paget is turning the place—and the romance of the occasional "find" that clings to it—to a useful purpose. For two days in June its 1500 stalls will be in the hands of the W.A.R.C., and a gigantic sale of trifles—and, let us hope, more than trifles—will be held. There is room in Islington for every sort of thing.



MARRIED YESTERDAY (MAY 2): MISS LILIAN BULLIVANT (MRS. C. L. SIDEY).

Mrs. Sidey is the daughter of the late Mr. W. M. Bullivant, and her wedding to Lieutenant-Colonel C. L. Sidey, Surma Valley Light Horse (Indian Army), was arranged to take place on May 2, at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Photograph by Vandyk.

TWO IN "TINA"; ONE IN "PICK-A-DILLY": A PRETTY TRIO.



1. TAKING MISS MABEL SEALBY'S PART IN "TINA" PRO TEM.: MISS MARGOT BANNERMAN.

2. ONE OF THE LEADING LADIES IN "PICK-A-DILLY," AT THE PAVILION: MISS EVELEEN FLORENCE.

3. AT PRESENT PLAYING IN "TINA" ON TOUR: MISS MARIA MINETTI.

Miss Margot Bannerman, a clever young Canadian actress, who has been understudying Miss Sealby in "Tina," at the Adelphi, recently made her stage debut in the part of Rita in that play during Miss Sealby's temporary absence. "Tina," by the way, has recently celebrated its 200th performance. In another company now touring with the

same piece a prominent part is taken by Miss Maria Minetti.—Miss Eveleen Florence takes one of the leading parts in "Pick-a-Dilly," the new revue at the London Pavilion. She has a soldier brother, who was knocked over by the bursting of a shell in the battle of Loos, but after lying unconscious for some hours, rejoined the fighting line.

Photographs by Bassano, Ltd., Miss Compton Collier, and Hoppe.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot.")

The Turgid Philistine.

LITERARY SPINSTER: Ah, is it not a glorious, a wondrous thought!

PLAIN MAN: What?

LITERARY SPINSTER: What? Can you ask? Are you not all on fire with the splendour of it? How English! How more than English!

PLAIN MAN: Oh, you mean "Anzac Day"?

LITERARY SPINSTER: Poor fellow! He does not realise that just three hundred years ago the greatest writer the world has ever known passed away at Stratford-on-Avon!

PLAIN MAN: Oh, that! Now I'm on!

LITERARY SPINSTER: But where is the responsive thrill? Where the shout of triumph? Where the gleam of patriotic pride in the National Poet?

PLAIN MAN: Well, to tell you the honest truth, I find it a bit hard to pump up enthusiasm in this old Tercentenary, or whatever they call it.

LITERARY SPINSTER: Ha! Tell me no more! I might have known it! I did know it! How English! How more than English!

PLAIN MAN: Thank you, Miss. That's all the compliment I want at present. Now let's get back to this Shakespeare touch. I suppose he was just as great a writer last year as he is this year?

LITERARY SPINSTER: He is for all time! Immortal! Unsurpassable!

PLAIN MAN: That's precisely my sentiments. I read his works. Do you, if I may venture to put the question?

LITERARY SPINSTER: I have no need to read them. I know them by heart.

PLAIN MAN: Oh, you do, do you? "O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd—" Go on from there.

LITERARY SPINSTER: I will not be heckled or cross-examined. It is an insult to my beloved bard!

PLAIN MAN: Beg pardon. The question I was really going to put you, Miss, is this: if Shakespeare was as great last year and the year before as he is to-day, why this sudden rush of enthusiasm?

LITERARY SPINSTER: Because, as I tell you, he has been dead just three hundred years. Could there be a finer thought?

PLAIN MAN: Well, I should say there could. If you put the question to me, I'd rather celebrate the birth of a great poet than his death.

LITERARY SPINSTER: That was done at the time.

PLAIN MAN: Oh, I beg pardon. I wasn't there.

LITERARY SPINSTER: A cheap and silly gibe, worthy of one who is not fired with the spirit of the moment!

PLAIN MAN: "The spirit of the moment"—that's just what I complain of. It's difficult for plain chaps like me to be fired with two things at once. At the present moment, I happen to be fired with the greatest war in the history of the world. That's enough for me to be going on with. When the war's over, and won, I'll be the first to throw my hat in the air for Willie Shakespeare. But, just at present, my mind's full. It may be a poor sort of mind, but I have my reasons, private as well as public, and there it is. Good morning, Ma'am.

LITERARY SPINSTER: I warn you that you will be in the minority.

PLAIN MAN: Anyone who has the pluck to say what he thinks,

Ma'am, always is. As they say on the 'buses, "I speak for them that dare not speak themselves." S'long, Lady.

The Reply to "Plain Man."

Of course, if "Literary Spinster" had possessed a grain of argumentative power, instead of a little volcano of hysterical adjectives, she would have put "Plain Man" in his place in this way—

"I admit that we are in the midst of the greatest war in the history of the world. That is a commonplace. It is so much of a commonplace that nobody can possibly forget it, even in the midst of the Tercentenary Celebrations. But, just because we are waging this awful war, just because we are at death-grips with a powerful, cruel, and unscrupulous foe, that is the very reason for reminding the world that Shakespeare, the great Humanitarian Poet, was an Englishman. In short, you have missed the point of the whole matter, as 'Plain Men,' who pride themselves on their blunt honesty, generally do. Having detained you for these few moments whilst I dressed you down, you are now at liberty to continue on your way with fresh food for thought."

Rather in that style, I think, "Literary Spinster" should have replied to "Plain Man." But they never do it. The people who irritate by their gush mean excellently, but they will not—or cannot—explain their gush, wherefore the ungushing are offended. It is far more difficult, of course, to gush with reason than to growl with reason. We are not a gushing nation, but growling comes to us very easily. We do it in our cradles, and the growl gets deeper and stronger as our lungs strengthen. Even the immortal Shakespeare could growl. Read him on Love.

The Prime Minister's Day.

How extraordinarily thrilling to be Prime Minister of Great Britain through such a time as the present! But the position needs a strong head and nerves of iron. On a morning of last week, for example, Mr. Asquith, unable, as arranged, to attend the tremendously impressive service of commemoration of the first landing of the "Anzacs" at Gallipoli, was engaged on urgent political business. A few hours later, he was making history by presiding over the Secret Session in the House.

In the meantime, he had to bear in mind that he was (according to people and papers, various)—

- (1) The greatest statesman in the country.
- (2) The most futile person in the country.
- (3) England's only hope.
- (4) England's chief menace.
- (5) A strong man holding down a difficult job with consummate skill.
- (6) A poor, feeble wobbler.
- (7) An elderly man bearing the almost intolerable burden of office.
- (8) A self-seeking politician thinking only of his position and his salary.
- (9) The belauded friend of Kings and Presidents.
- (10) A Cook's tourist without a ticket.

Honestly, friend the reader, how would you like the job? Would you take it on for five thousand a year, or whatever the amount may be? I have put the question seriously to myself. I have thought it all out. Shall I tell you my answer?

Rather!

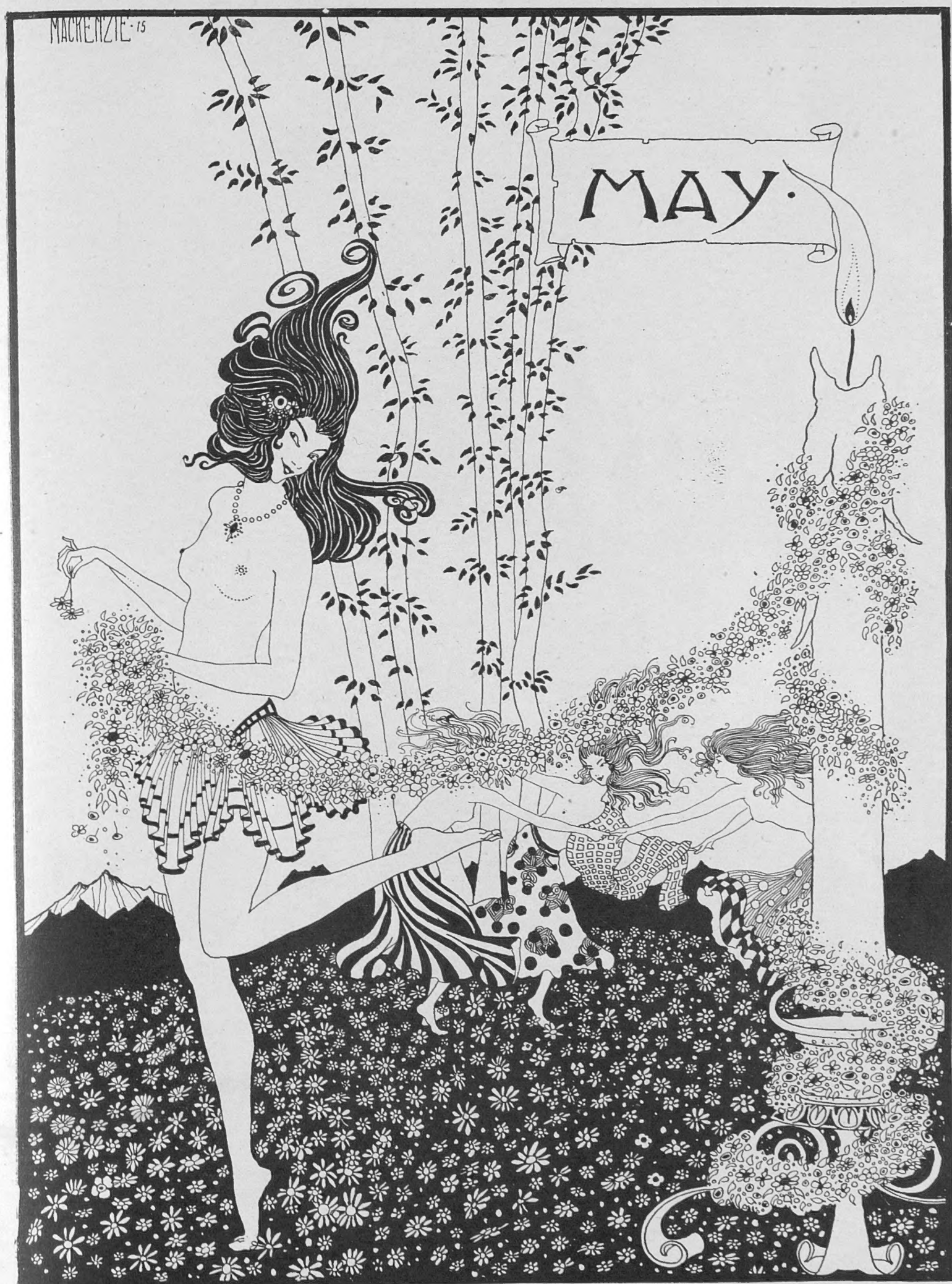


WIFE OF "THE SOUL OF ANZAC": LADY BIRDWOOD.

Lady Birdwood, who is the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir William Riddell Birdwood, K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., whose gallant conduct and unflinching good-humour inspired the troops at Gallipoli and won for him the honourable sobriquet of "The Soul of Anzac," was, before her marriage to Sir William in 1894, Miss Janette Hope Gonville Bromhead, daughter of Colonel Sir Benjamin Parnell Bromhead, C.B., fourth Baronet, of Thurlby Hall, Lincoln, a soldier with a distinguished record harking back to the Afghan War of 1878-80. Lady Birdwood has a son and two daughters.

Photograph by Bassano.

"THE MONTHS WILL ADD THEMSELVES."



MAY: THE CANDLE BURNS TOWARDS THE CENTRE.

DRAWN BY MACKENZIE.



THE CLUBMAN

THE CHURCH MILITANT: PARSON ADAMS: SEDANS IN CHINA—AND BATH.

A Gallant Padre.

An Army chaplain, the Rev. Edward Mellish, has won the V.C. for his bravery in tending and rescuing wounded soldiers. It was entirely voluntary work on his part, and he ran tremendous risks in carrying it out. There is never a campaign on all our border lines but that some chaplain distinguishes himself and is mentioned in despatches for bravery. I never heard of an Army chaplain showing the white feather, and I have met many of them who have done very fine things in battle, and done them without reward.

"The Fighting Parson."

Parson Adams, who was known through the length and breadth of India, was one of the most gallant of the padres, and was a very close friend of "Little Bobs." Parson Adams had won his nickname, "the Fighting Parson," up on the border risking his life against a foe that gave no quarter. Another one of my valued acquaintances was the padre of the laager at Rorke's Drift. You may see him in Miss Elizabeth Thompson's picture of the fight, with his long beard and his shabby old coat, handing ammunition to the men who are manning the breastwork. He was the quietest, most retiring little veldt parson that can be imagined, and nobody in camp had paid him any particular attention. He had been left at the Rorke's Drift farm because his services were not required with Lord Chelmsford's advancing column, but he found himself in the very heart of the fight when the Zulus tried to rush the rickety farm buildings and their yard, converted in haste into a fortified enclosure. He was not a fighting man, but he was quite eager to risk his life to help the men who were fighting, and he went the round of the parapets all through the fight, handing packages of cartridges to the men of the 24th; and while doing this he never forgot that he was a parson, and reproved some of the men for the dreadful language they were using. It always seemed to me that this quiet little parson deserved his V.C. as much as did the men who got theirs for the defence of the Drift.

A Country Parson.

The rector of my native village, Somewhere in England, has joined the Forces, and I am sure that if the chance comes his way he will win the coveted Cross. When the married men were called upon to volunteer, he, to set an example to the younger married men of the hamlet, attested and received his armlet. He waited for the calling-up of his class, but that calling seemed to him to be very long in coming. Like many other country padres, he owns a car which he drives himself, and cleans himself, and repairs, if necessary, himself. He was told that a commission was coming his way for the Mechanical Transport Corps, and probably by now he is wearing the star of an officer. But that he might know his work thoroughly when he had to control the work of others, he enlisted as a private in the corps, and has not shirked any of the discomforts of changing a black coat for a khaki one. His Bishop gave his consent to his request to be allowed to serve,

and his parishioners—most of them are in khaki themselves—thoroughly approve of their rector's pluck, and wish him jolly good luck and a chance of distinguishing himself.

Lord Rosebery's Sedan-Chair.

The gift of a sedan-chair to Bath—just to make the bath-chairs feel uncomfortable—by Lord Rosebery has stirred all the gossips who babble in print to dissertations on this particular kind of chair; and a gentleman of Sedan, the town associated with Napoleon the Third's downfall, gets the credit for the invention. But I warrant that the Sedan inventor had been to China and had looked on the chairs of the Mandarins there, or had seen pictures of them in his native town. The Chinese thought of the covered chair a century or two

before the idea occurred to the "hairy barbarians" of the West. The sedan-chair is a glorified version of the kitchen chair, with a broom-handle tied on either side; but the Chinese chair used by the great ones of the Flowery Land is a far more elaborate thing.

The Chinese Chair.

Whether the Chinese carrying-chair be an open-

air one, a comfortable, cushioned easy-chair without legs, or whether it has a cover all red lacquer and gilding and tassels, a long pole, bamboo or painted wood, juts out in front, and another behind, and to this are harnessed coolies by an elaborate system of ropes and short yokes all decorated to match the

chair. No matter how heavy the chair is, the coolies take it along at a pace that is something between a walk and a run, shouting a warning cry to tell foot-passengers to get out of the way. It is a cry not to be disregarded, for in the narrow streets of Canton, or any other great Chinese city, there is only just room enough for a big chair to pass, and anyone who disputes the right of way is knocked down and walked over by the coolies.

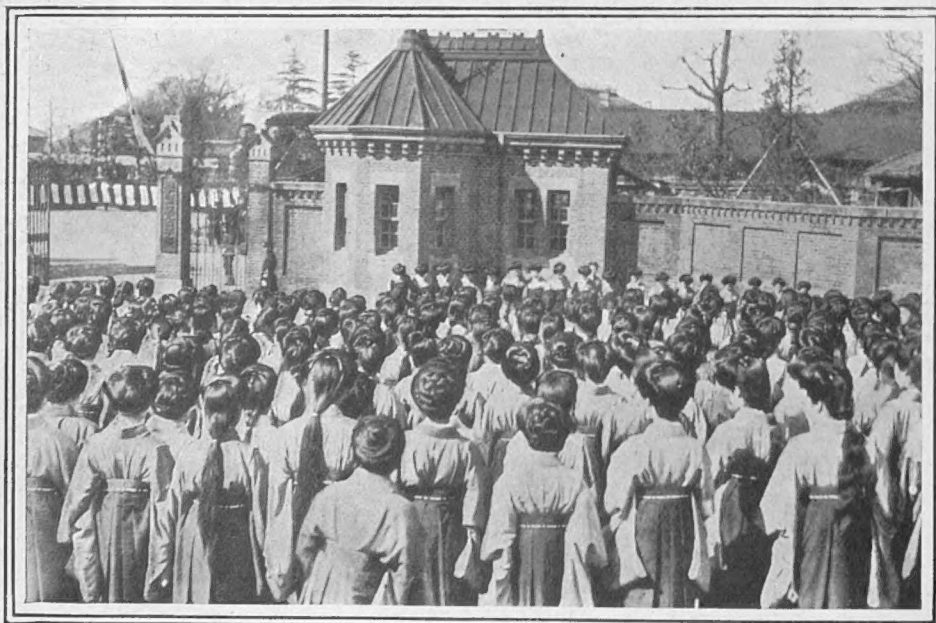
In Hong Kong.

In Hong Kong, in the days when I knew that island, the Governor in his everyday life was carried about the steeply sloping streets in an open chair by a score or so of coolies wearing the royal scarlet. On very great occasions, however, such as the landing of European royalties, or a visit from some very high Cantonese Mandarin or a Chinese Admiral, the Governor used to borrow two handsome black horses which were the property of a Portuguese resident, and drove down to the landing-place to receive his guests. If the visitors were Chinese, they were carried up to Government House, some way up the slopes, in chairs; if Europeans, the black horses pulled

them up the hill. To drive was just a little bit of "swank" on the part of the Governor, and this was thoroughly appreciated by the Hong Kong Chinese, who, being under British rule, rather looked down on their benighted neighbours at Canton and Macao, who had to make the best of Chinese and Portuguese government, and who quite understood the meaning of the word "squeeze."



IMPERIAL CEREMONIAL IN JAPAN: THE ARRIVAL OF THE EMPRESS AT THE PEERESSES' SCHOOL.



AN IMPERIAL FUNCTION IN JAPAN: PUPILS OF THE PEERESSES' SCHOOL, AT KOJIMACHI, TOKIO, AWAITING THE COMING OF THE EMPRESS.

Recently, the Empress of Japan visited the Peeresses' School at Kojimachi, Tokio, and conferred on the pupils the diplomas they had earned. In the photograph showing the girls awaiting the coming of her Imperial Majesty the scene is outside the front gate of the school.—[Photographs by C.N.]

BING, BONG! A BELLE OF THE BELL.



A DAINY TINTINNABULATOR: ONE OF THE SWING GIRLS IN THE BELL SCENE OF THE ALHAMBRA REVUE,
"THE BING BOYS ARE HERE!"

A striking—or perhaps it would be more appropriate to say, a ringing—effect is produced during the new revue at the Alhambra, "The Bing Boys Are Here!" in the scene called "The Knickerbocker Room, Embankment Hotel." Suspended high over the stage are a number of huge bells, which for some time appear to be merely

a feature of the decorations, but suddenly from each is lowered a fair lady seated on a swing. They are described on the programme as "The Swing Girls." In the actual scene the bells and their inmates are hung much higher above the stage than the one shown here, which was lowered specially for our photograph to be taken.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

WHO can explain why last week's pretty but fairly simple wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, proved so puzzling to the reporters? In half the papers the next morning the groom and bride found themselves described as Sir John and Lady Leslie, in the other half as Mr. and Mrs. John Leslie. We may say with certainty that nothing unwonted happened at the breakfast. The point of Stevenson's old jest about a man who, needing a disguise at a great function, "painted his nose red and attended as a gentleman of the Press" has no point in these days of an entirely sober Fleet Street. And, in any case, the groom can hardly have been confused with the Sir John Leslie who is the husband, of many years' standing, of Lady Leslie, the sister of Lady Randolph Churchill.

Exit the Lady. Quite dismal and businesslike, but profitable for all that, were the last days of the sale at Christie's. When Mr. Max Beerbohm's amusing lot was offered, the crowd round the tables was, with one or two exceptions, composed of dealers. Even Max himself did not appear: his book fetched over seventy pounds; but nobody opened it, and nobody smiled. It was an entirely grim deal in—humour! Immediately it had been knocked down, Mrs. Charles Hunter left, a little disappointed not to be the volume's owner. And when she left, Mr. Maggs, Mr. Sotheran, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Edwardes, and their like were the chief ornaments of the room.

Claimants for Canvas Space. Mr. Orpen, who is to paint the commemorative picture of the sale, caused a certain flutter in the Christie crowd when he got busy with his sketch-book. Whom will he put in, whom leave out? Some people, it was observed, kept moving casually into his line of vision, more anxious to catch his eye than the auctioneer's. But he had a tantalising way of seeming to be intent on the ordinary stock-in-trade of the firm, on the porter in his awful black cloth cap, and on that worldly-wise person, the clerk

WIFE OF A NEW BARONET: LADY PEYTON.

Lady Peyton was, before her marriage, which took place on April 3, Miss Joan Dugdale. Since that date Sir Algernon Francis Peyton, sixth Baronet, has died, and her husband, Sir Algernon Thomas Peyton, is now the seventh Baronet. He is a Captain in the 11th Hussars, and has been wounded in the war.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

presiding at the desk. There are certainly not more than half-a-dozen certainties in the running for final inclusion, and even those are kept a kind of secret. The one thing certain is that the artist is interested in his commission—as interested as when he painted the Café Royal and its habitués.

The R.A. Mirror.

How anxious people are to look like "Orpens" is obvious enough at the R.A. It is like the Sargent fashion of ten years back. In every room somebody or another has been painted, if not by W. O. himself,

at least in the Orpen manner. The damsel of the year (and who, tell me, cared much, at the Private View, for instance, about discovering the picture of the year?) is undoubtedly Miss St. George, the young lady numbered 87, in Gallery II. She is a real Orpen; smart and modern as can be; very noticeable and very fair. Certainly she drew the crowd of private-viewers, but, as one observer explained, there was an additional reason for the throng of pretty people in front of her. Being painted on a very dark ground, the glass over her canvas is the best reflector in the exhibition. She is mirror as well as picture.

The Crimson Heels. No. 87 had her crowd, but so, also, had the lady of No. 422—a Lavery lady of the most distinguished order. "Hazel in Black and Gold," is the catalogue description, neglectful of the little note of crimson that is the most exciting touch of colour about her—the crimson heels of her satin slippers. I found that most people felt no hesitation about identifying her as Mr. Lavery's ever-favourite sister—his wife.

That Impossible Collar.

Mr. Lavery's other success is the portrait of Miss Elizabeth Asquith in the large room. It is the only presentment of her, as far as I remember, that has done her anything like justice. As for other attractive portraits, the vote was given to C. H. Shannon's Miss Rachel Castellani (a former Augustus John sitter, surely?), to Llewellyn's Viscountess Cole, to Charles Sims's open-air lady in the large room, and to Van Aurooy's Mrs. Richard Cobden-Sanderson. So much for the belles; the beau of the year, without question, is Earl Spencer. Never before has Orpen been called upon to paint so radiant a collar or so splendid a tie. Naturally, he has seized the opportunity, and the result is neck-gear about three times too large for his Lordship.

A Theme for Raymond.

Mrs. Raymond Asquith, the mother of a two-weeks-old infant, belonged to the band of young poets even

before her marriage into a family much given to versification. You can hardly be an Asquith without publishing a volume of rhymes, but her two little books of sonnets appeared while she was still Miss Katherine Horner, though without her name. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to give away her pseudonym, but any reader who lights on a dedication to Winifred "of the bright copper hair and perfect brow"—a sister—may know that he has cornered Miss Horner—who herself, by the way, possessed hair deserving of a sonnet. Will Raymond do it?



CHILDREN OF THE COMMENDATORE AND THE HON. MRS. MARCONI: MASTER D. AND MISS GIULIA MARCONI. The Hon. Mrs. Marconi was well known in Society before her marriage to the brilliant Italian scientist as the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, a daughter of Ellen Lady Inchiquin, and half-sister of the present, fifteenth, Baron Inchiquin. Mrs. Marconi's son was born in 1910; Miss Giulia Marconi was born in 1908; and there is now a little sister, born on the 10th of last month.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



WIFE OF AN OFFICER AT THE FRONT: THE HON. MRS. HOME PEEL AND DAUGHTERS.

The Hon. Mrs. Home Peel is the wife of Captain Home Peel, who is serving at the Front with his regiment, the Post Office Rifles. He was decorated by H.M. the King with the Military Cross, in February. Captain Home Peel was in the India Office, but joined the Army at the outbreak of the war. The Hon. Mrs. Home Peel has been helping her mother, Lady Emmott, in war work. Her little daughters are named Elizabeth and Joan.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

BATTENBERG - TORBY: A VERY INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT.



TO BE MARRIED: PRINCE GEORGE OF BATTENBERG, SON OF PRINCE LOUIS; AND COUNTESS NADA TORBY,
DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.

Congratulations to H.S.H. Prince George of Battenberg, eldest son of H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, formerly First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, and the beautiful Countess Nada Torby, younger daughter of H.I.H. the Grand Duke Michael Mikhailovitch of Russia, and the Countess Torby, to whom the Grand Duke was marriedmorganatically in 1891. The Prince is a Lieutenant in the British Navy, and

has been on active service during the war. He is an excellent and very popular sailor, and is in his twenty-fourth year. Countess Nada Torby was born in 1896, and is very pretty and very accomplished, singing and acting with much charm, and speaking several languages. In English Society the young Countess has made herself a great favourite, as she is a capital sportswoman.

Photographs by R. & Martin and Bassano.

THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN.



"Mamma, is it the fashion to cut horse's tails like Papa's moustache?"

DRAWN BY A. PARYS.

"FRENCH MAID" AND BARONET'S SISTER: "SUZETTE."



*In "The Girl from Upstairs," at the Strand:
Miss Malise Sheridan.*

It has just transpired that, in private life, Miss Malise Sheridan, who is Suzette, the smart French maid in "The Girl from Upstairs," is the sister of Commander Sir Charles Rodney Blane, R.N., now on active service with the Fleet. She played in "Diplomacy" at Wyndham's, and also in the United States. Her brother, Sir Charles,

is the fourth Baronet, of Blanefield, Ayrshire, a creation dating from 1812. The family's immediate ancestor was Thomas Blane, of Girvan, who died in 1620 and was a great landowner. The first Baronet was a Physician-in-Ordinary to Kings George III., George IV., and William IV.—[Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.]



Court of Oper. Terminer
and general Gaol deliberg.

Whereas the herein named
Sir Unpa Triotic Motorist, being well
and truly tried by the Justices in Assize,
doing their offices, hath by verdict of
his peers, omne exceptione majores, been
found guilty of the abominable crime of
High Treason,
to wit, that he did in defiance of public
opinion and contrary to the true weal of the Realm
**Purchase or cause to
be purchased**

of FOREIGN TYRES in the amount of
£3,500,000 within one year, having wilth
full cognizance of the presence of supplies
of **BRITISH TYRES**—notably **DUNLOPS**—
ample and sufficient to meet all lawful demands.

It is the Judgment of the Court that
the said Sir Unpa Triotic Motorist be
ADJUDGED, that his lands in fee simple
and his tenements of inheritance be
HELD FORFEIT and that he be drawn
to the place of execution upon a **WURDIE**,
there to suffer the **EXTREME PENALTY**
OF DEATH by the **SEVERANCE** of his
HEAD from his **BODY**.

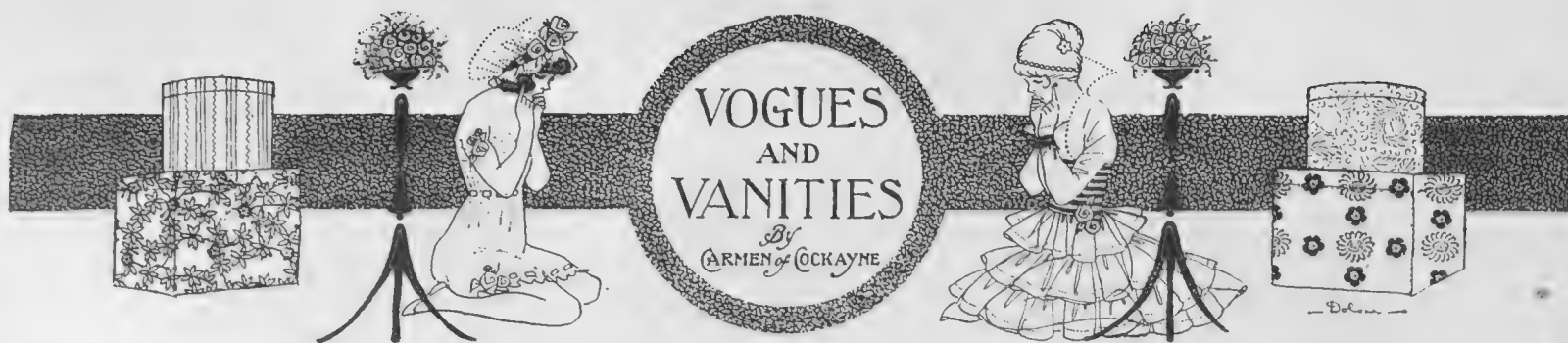
So Perish all Traitors!

War = Time Studdys!



V—THE HORROR OF THE TAXI-AFTER-THE-THEATRE-SEARCH IN WAR-TIME; OR, WHAT NO WOMAN UNDERSTANDS!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



What Every Woman Wants.

St. Paul believed in being all things to all men. The sports coat—which, like the decimal of our schooldays, is always recurring—believes in being all things to all women. Once the accepted uniform of the "athletic girl," it is king and lord in the realm of women's dress to-day. Except there be included in it at least two or three of these now indispensable garments, no woman would call her wardrobe complete; and, like Hamlet's ghost, the sports coat has always some new tale to unfold. It has travelled far since the days when, a mass of woolly shapelessness, it made a tentative appearance on the golf-course and the tennis-court, and its usefulness has been widely extended. In its meteoric progress from comparative obscurity to a position of paramount importance it has shown itself to be possessed of a soaring ambition of which it was never in the least suspected. At one time an outdoor wrap pure and simple, it has now developed into an elegant accessory on which even the most celebrated artist in dress is not ashamed to lavish his skill.

A War Boon.

It owes its present popularity directly to the war. When the economists first started their crusade against fashion, clever dress-makers quickly recognised the value of the sports coat as an aid to business, and from an essentially homely garment it developed into its present state of silken grace and beauty. If elaboration of ornament was reckoned bad form in dress, at least there was no ban on originality. While a chiffon blouse or a complete set of underwear

made of Chantilly lace was an extravagance not to be countenanced for a moment, it was quite a different story with the sports coat, which gave complete freedom of movement to the upper limbs, and was immediately hailed as the one practical garment for women in these serious times.



Piquantly suggestive of rusticity, this sports-coat-blouse is ideal for country wear.

Grace and Utility.

But garments must be graceful as well as practical. Even the well-drilled German Frau objects to being made a gulf for the sake of home industries and the foreign exchanges. And the Englishwoman wanting the best at once gravitates naturally, when the sports coat is toward, to the house of Debenham and Freebody with a confidence born of long experience that in Wigmore Street the newest notions in such garments will surely be forthcoming for her approval. The term sports coat, by the way, is rather a misnomer, since the costly creations of brocade and crêpe-de-Chine are as little suited for wear in farm and field as they are seldom seen in those localities, and their resemblance to the more business-like garments is chiefly in the matter of "line."

Some Charming Models.

The house coat, as it might more correctly be called, of the

hour is built on jumper lines, and an outstanding example carried out in thick crêpe-de-Chine of a rich egg-flip shade had three wide box-pleats behind and before, the upper portion of the coat being cut to give the effect of a plain yoke. From the back of the neck rose a tall, square-petalled collar, emphasised, as were the cuffs, with a touch of black picot-edged ribbon. All that was necessary in the way of fastening was supplied by three large crochet buttons, and a broad, heavily fringed sash-belt gave a slight definition to the waist-line. Of crêpe-de-Chine also was a rather more elaborate affair of a pale flesh-pink shade. Thrice corded at the hem to ensure "hoopiness" of the correct degree, its fullness was held at either side, both front and back, by rows of fancy smocking, and the neck and wrists were lightly finished with frillings of brownish tulle. Rather more practical, and a novelty into the bargain, are the coats of stockingette silk, a material which, besides being light, wears well—two qualities which have ensured it a favourable reception. One, nicknamed the "Revolution," was loose-fitting back and front, and suggested a style prevalent during that rather gloomy period. It owed to a deep double collar, the upper one extending across the back; whilst the lower, starting behind the shoulder, grew gradually wider until it almost reached the waist in front. Another and very adaptable coat, in artificial silk was furnished with a belt of generous proportions, to which a couple of deep pockets were attached; and some new coats whose motto was warmth without weight were made of alpaca wool, which is rather like Shetland in appearance, but is much more durable.



"I will have freedom of action" says the athletic woman, and finds it in this full skirt, whose "vandyked" yoke is the only close-fitting thing about it.

The Needful Skirt.

Whether intended for field or fireside, a well-cut skirt is the necessary complement of the sports coat. A popular version is the kilt skirt, which can be made in any tartan to order, and is fastened with leather straps and a giant safety-pin, as is the way with that rather draughty garment. Others exhibit a tendency towards the adoption of the hip yoke, below which a couple of generously planned pockets are by no means out of place. In the absence of the yoke proper, a yoke effect is achieved by the use of fancy stitchings, and gauging is another form of decoration used on skirts of this class.



Flared for fashion and smocked for fit, the sports coat on the left is made of heavy crêpe-de-Chine; so is the one on the right, which is called "Revolution" because of its shoulder-capes.

MY HAT!



DOLLY: Oh, and do tell me how you like your tin helmets!
TOMMY: Well, Miss; to tell the truth, they're a bit thick.
DOLLY: Thick?
TOMMY: Yes; it takes so long to boil your tea in them.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE BAT.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

"MR. FREYN is in the laboratory," said the maid, and Buchanan nodded and turned down the side-path to the little brick building at the end of the garden. The door was ajar, and he could see Freyn's lean figure silhouetted against the light of the lamp at the further end. He went in.

"Hullo!" said Freyn, looking up. "It's months since I heard of you. Sit down—not there, unless you've a partiality for dilute hydrochloric. You're looking a bit chipped."

"I am chipped. It's a damned queer world, Dick; and elderly scientists with pretty daughters are the queerest things in it."

Freyn took off his gold-rimmed glasses, polished them, and put them back again. "What's her name?" he asked, and laughed his quiet laugh at the other's flush. "Go ahead. Tell me the yarn. Same old theme with the same old variations, I suppose?"

"You're wrong. It's the same old theme, but with a difference. I want to marry her, of course, but there are no objections on her father's part."

"Name?" demanded Freyn.

"Synfield—Professor Micah Synfield. He's spent most of his life making excursions to the swamps of Central America. The Royal Society has gone so far as to christen some kind of reptile after him, I believe. You may have heard the name?"

"Saw it for the first time ten minutes ago, in an evening paper. Continue."

"We met by chance in a lobby of the War Office—I've been doing a certain amount of technical work there, you know. He'd come up to demonstrate an infallible specific for snake-bite that he acquired from the natives of God-knows-where, and lost himself. We got into conversation, and he seemed interested in the little I told him about my work—he's the type that can absorb any sort of technical information for hours on end. The upshot was that he asked me to call at the house he's bought near Claygate—'The Junipers.' A couple of days later I found myself with nothing special on hand, and ran down. The house is an overgrown, rambling sort of place, with stables at the side, and a garden that ends in a spinney, and a pond that local tradition says is bottomless. The Professor himself opened the door—the Synfields haven't a regular maid, but an elderly woman who comes every day for an hour or so. He seemed genuinely pleased to see me, and introduced his daughter—a girl of nineteen, with fine eyes and a sensitive mouth. We had tea, I remember, in a rickety little summer-house in the garden, and I stayed till it was late enough to walk home by moonlight.

"After the first visit I went again fairly often, and ultimately I—"

"Worshipped at the shrine of the fine eyes and sensitive mouth?"

Buchanan laughed boyishly.

"I fancy the worshipping process was complete by the end of the first visit. But it wasn't until late in September that I had an interview with Christine which ended—well, as I'd dreamed but hadn't dared to hope such an interview would end. I'll spare you the rhapsodies, though they were genuine enough. Remained only to break the news to the Professor. He was frankly pleased. He told me that Christine had no relations beside himself, and that, though he wasn't contemplating any further expeditions for the present, her future had been something of a problem to him. He went on to discuss the museum which he was fitting up in the empty stables, and the arrangements he'd made for publishing his new book.

"For a time we were happier than three average people have any right to be. Then I had to go to Birmingham on business, and Christine went to stay with some friends at Richmond. She wrote pretty well every day, but it wasn't until a week ago that she mentioned that the Professor had mislaid one of his specimens, and was worrying over it. By the first post to-day I had a card from him—'For God's sake come and see me as soon as you can. I shall be in after seven this evening.' I know the man well enough to know that he wouldn't write like that except in the extremest necessity, and I caught an afternoon train."

"But you haven't called at the house yet?"

"No; I looked in here on my way."

"And you've not seen an evening paper?"

Buchanan shook his head. "Why?"

Freyn, without answering, took up a copy of the *Echo* that lay on a bench near. His acid-stained forefinger travelled down a column, and presently stopped.

"Tragedy at Claygate," Buchanan read. "The body of Professor Micah Synfield, the well-known authority on South American fauna, was this morning discovered by Mrs. Banks, the charwoman, lying on the landing of the first floor. Apart from a slight abrasion at the back of the ear, there were no signs of injury. The Professor, who was alone in the house at the time, enjoyed excellent health, and the affair is attributed to some sort of accident. The body has been removed to the police-station, and an inquest will be held in due course."

Buchanan dropped the paper and shuddered.

"I must go to Christine. She'll have heard by now."

"Undoubtedly. In the meantime, send me a wire if I can be of service in any way, and I'll run down at once. Good-bye."

Buchanan nodded, and, dazed and incredulous, made his way from the warmth of the laboratory into the clean, keen air. At Waterloo he was fortunate enough to get a train to Claygate almost at once. An hour later found him at "The Junipers." Christine herself came to the door in answer to his ring. Her tired eyes brightened, and she caught his hand with a glad little cry.

"How did you know?"

"From the papers. And you?"

"Doctor East telegraphed."

"But you're not alone here?"

She shook her head.

"Mrs. Banks is staying for the present. And the Doctor's is quite close. They've both been goodness itself. But the whole thing seems like a nightmare. When I remember how I left him—"

She broke down. Buchanan did his best to comfort her, but his own brain was harassed with doubts and speculations. A fresh peal at the bell announced East, a tactless, kind-hearted little man, from whom Buchanan presently gleaned fresh, though no very illuminating details of the tragedy.

"The poor devil's been off-colour for some time," said East; "but I didn't anticipate a complete collapse. The inquest is to be on Thursday, and I've succeeded in persuading Miss Synfield to return to her friends at Richmond afterwards. What are your own plans?"

"I've a few days to spare. If I can do anything—"

East stared.

"As sole executor, you'll probably find a good deal to do."

"I had no idea—" stammered Buchanan.

"Fact. You'll probably hear from the lawyers in a day or so. Meanwhile, I'm keeping half-a-dozen patients and a hot dinner waiting. Good-bye."

The inquest was over; the verdict, death from natural causes. Buchanan's interview with the lawyers had taken place, and he found himself the custodian of some seventeen thousand pounds and "The Junipers." On the afternoon of the funeral, he left Christine at the station and came back to the house, his responsibilities heavy on his soul. He passed down the side of the main building to the stables, discovered the key in the rusting padlock, and entered. Since his last visit, shelving had been fitted round three walls, and much of it was already filled. On his left side stood a heavy case, its plate-glass front lying in splinters on the floor. Buchanan, idly wondering what mischance had wrecked it, stooped to read the label tacked on the edge of the shelf below.

"BAT (Hibernating or Dead) from the Great Swamp," ran Synfield's cramped writing, "Genus unknown. Believed by Natives to be capable of changing, from the head downwards, into human form, provided it can inhale the breath of a dying person. (For Ceremonial Sacrifices in connection with same, refer Vol. II. 'The Patagonian Plateau,' pp. 654-7)."

Buchanan straightened himself with a shiver. Through the dusty open window he could see the ivy-wrapped house, desolate and sinister. He closed the door behind him sharply, made his way back through the village to the post-office, and sent a wire to Freyn.

The following day was fine, with a keen, stimulating air, and the weight on his spirits lifted. Trains from town were infrequent, and he had to wait nearly an hour on the platform before he saw Freyn alight. His matter-of-fact greeting and stolid presence were in themselves a sedative to jangled nerves.

"You've been sleeping badly," said Freyn, with one of his quick glances.

[Continued overleaf.]



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"Who wouldn't? The house is full of small noises—little rustlings and sighings."

"It's the same with all old buildings, and the ivy would account for a good deal. You've some sort of help by day, I suppose?"

"Mrs. Banks turns up at nine. She was busy upstairs when I left."

Ten minutes' walk brought them to the gate. Buchanan opened it and made his way briskly along the wide, untidy drive. He slid the key into the lock and entered the hall. After the brilliance of the winter sunshine outside, it seemed almost in darkness. At the foot of the stairs Buchanan came to an abrupt halt.

"Look!" he said huskily.

The body of a stout, elderly woman lay half on, half off the lowest step, a key still clutched in one of the outflung, work-worn hands. Her face was distorted with an expression of incredulous horror.

Freyn came slowly forward. He knelt and put a hand to her heart, though both men had known from the first that she was dead.

"The charwoman, of course," he said. "Are you on the telephone here?"

"It's in the morning-room," said Buchanan woodenly. "Shall I ring up the doctor?"

Freyn nodded. Buchanan, moving like a man in a trance, turned into the room on their left. Presently he rejoined Freyn, and the two waited in silence until East's step sounded on the gravel outside. He came in, nodded to Freyn, and made a swift examination.

"The poor wretch has been dead at least half-an-hour," he said. "One can only diagnose it as another heart-failure, following some sort of shock. I'll have an ambulance sent up from the police-station at once. In the meantime"—he glanced at Buchanan—"I suppose you'll shut up the house for the present?"

Buchanan turned to Freyn.

"Why?" Freyn demanded. He took off his glasses and polished them with a kind of exasperation. "Personally, I'd like to see the thing through—if there's anything to be seen. Eh?"

"We shall stay," said Buchanan unsteadily.

The day, which had begun in a blaze of sunshine, ended in rain and a bleak wind. The morning and the afternoon dragged away, Buchanan spending most of his time going through the dead man's papers and Freyn wandering about the garden. After the evening meal, Buchanan routed out a chessboard from a cupboard and suggested a game. They finished as the clock in the hall struck eleven.

"I don't know what your theories may be," said Freyn, yawning, "but mine are frankly in favour of bed."

"Mine," said Buchanan, "run rather in the direction of strong coffee and another game. At present there isn't an ounce of sleep in my composition. However, we'll go up."

Their rooms were on the first floor, and opened off the same landing. Buchanan made all secure and went up, leaving Freyn in the hall. He turned into his own room and switched on the light over the dressing-table. Suddenly he crossed to the landing again. "Dick!"

Freyn looked up, to discover Buchanan staring down at him with an enigmatical expression. "What's the trouble?"

"Nothing, except that I thought I saw you on the landing behind me."

Freyn shook his head seriously.

"I've been making a second inspection of the bolts and bars. One doesn't care to run superfluous risks, even from practical jokers."

"I'll swear I saw your eyes reflected in the glass," persisted Buchanan.

"What colour were they?"

"Now you mention it, brown."

"Mine are hazel. You must have been thinking of the poor wretch who died this morning." Freyn had been mounting the stairs as he spoke. His hand caught at the flat top of the balustrade that faced Buchanan's room, and he drew it away hastily. "This place is infernally damp."

"I hadn't noticed it," said Buchanan. "Good-night."

His mood, as he had hinted, was not one that makes for slumber, and for an hour or so he fidgeted restlessly or lay staring up at the white oblong of the ceiling. He dropped off at last into a doze from which he was roused by a single piercing yell. He leapt from the bed, blundered into a chair, and finally made his way to the door.

The landing outside was flooded with moonlight from the high window. He turned to Freyn's room, but the door was locked. He shouted, could distinguish no answer, and flung his weight against the lock. There was a splintering of wood, and he stumbled in. The room was in darkness, but a stray shaft of moonlight showed Freyn sitting up in bed, gripping the edge of the coverlet. His face was grey and damp with terror.

"What on earth has happened?" demanded Buchanan.

"I've seen it," said Freyn, with a catch in his voice. "The eyes were looking down from the window. Or—have I dreamed—?"

"God knows!" said Buchanan irritably. He realised that he

had bruised his shoulder and that he was very cold. "But in any case leave your door unfastened another time."

"There won't be another time," said Freyn. Once more he was the scientific investigator on the track of the unexplained. "I'm going to dress and explore."

He slid out of bed and began to collect his clothes. Buchanan went back to his own room, switching on the light as he passed. For some minutes Freyn could hear him moving about. There was the sound of furniture being shifted, of drawers being opened in quick succession, and finally the reverberation of a pistol-shot and the tinkle of falling glass.

Freyn, his heart thudding, ran in. His eyes took in the dishevelled bed thrust in the angle, and Buchanan crouching at its foot.

"I've seen it too, Dick. It was watching me from the corner, but it climbed or flew—I'm not sure which—to the window. Some sort of instinct sent me hunting in the drawers for a weapon, and I found this." He held up an old-fashioned pin-fire revolver. "Synfield must have kept it there for his own protection. Four barrels were loaded, and I let fly with one of them before the thing vanished."

"Did you hit it?"

"I don't think so. I fired at the eyes—they were all I could see distinctly."

The men finished dressing in a silence which was never quite complete. Small birds stirred in the ivy, and outside the withered branch of a lilac-tree scratched at the window like an impatient finger.

"Ready?" said Freyn at last.

Buchanan nodded. Freyn lit a candle from the dressing-table, and the two went out on to the landing. There were three bedrooms on the first floor, and two above. They explored each in turn.

"Probably it's got away," said Buchanan.

"Unless we're the victims of our own tainted imaginations. . . . Keep that revolver of yours handy—I'm going down."

They reached the hall, still pleasantly warm and redolent of cigarette-smoke. Freyn unlocked the dining-room door, and then, with a half-ashamed laugh, shut it again.

"When a man's reached the stage of looking for an enemy in a locked and shuttered room," he began—and left the sentence to follow the direction of Buchanan's gaze.

It was fixed on something which was travelling towards them in a series of quick, mouse-like rushes—something with a grey, hairless skin, and luminous eyes set in a face which was a wrinkled travesty of humanity. The two men watched it, frozen and stiff with loathing; then Buchanan jerked up the revolver and fired. The thing gave a cry, ran backwards, and found itself at bay in an angle of the stairs. It crouched, and made a flying leap. Buchanan fired a second time, and missed again. The thing caught at and clung to his sleeve, so that for an instant its face was within an inch or so of his. With a breathless shout, he dropped the weapon and thrust out with his left hand. Freyn, waking from a delirium of horror, stooped, picked up the revolver, and blew out the creature's brains. It dropped with a heavy thud. Buchanan himself staggered backwards and fell.

He came back to consciousness with the sting of neat spirits in his throat, and found himself on the dining-room couch. Freyn was standing at the window, unfastening the shutters. Outside, a sky growing pale with the dawn made the electric-lights look garish and yellow.

"What's happened?" demanded Buchanan.

"It's all right," said Freyn, turning. "I was lucky enough to be able to telephone for East, and he's only just left. We've had a deuce of a job to get your heart in working order again."

"But—*it*?" said Buchanan laboriously.

"It's at the bottom of the pond, in a sack that I found in the shed, with enough ballast to keep it there for the next century."

Buchanan made an effort and stood up. He crossed to the glass over the mantelpiece, and winced. The hair at his temples was white.

"By Jove, we've made a night of it!" he said grimly. His glance fell on a smear of grey slime on his sleeve, and he averted his eyes with a shudder. "How much are you going to explain?"

"Nothing. There's nothing explicable. Even East hasn't an inkling of the truth."

"Which is, I imagine, that the beast awoke, escaped, and proceeded to haunt the place in search of—of what it needed."

"You believe that yarn of the natives, then?"

"Why not?" said Buchanan.

There was a short silence, broken by Freyn making a movement towards the door.

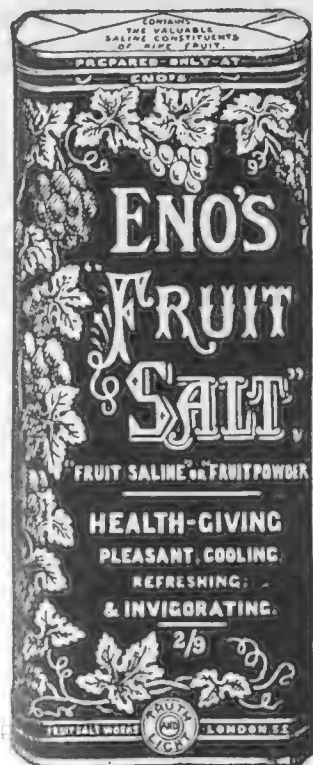
"What are you going to do?" inquired Buchanan.

"There are one or two blood-spots in the hall," said Freyn. "I want to see what they look like under the microscope. The examination ought to be interesting."

"With all due deference to the scientific brain," said Buchanan, "my programme's different. It begins with hot milk and something to eat, and ends with a wire to Christine as soon as the post-office opens."

THE END.

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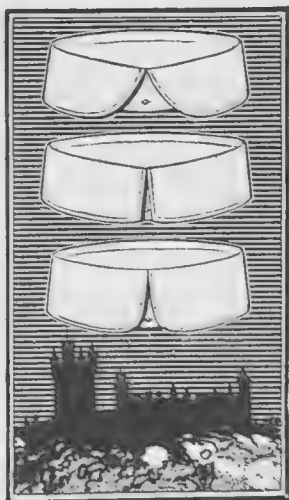
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WOMAN'S WAYS

A Bogus Newspaper.

By the enterprise of a cavalryman at the front, I am now in possession of one of the curiosities of this war—the *Gazette des Ardennes*, a German newspaper printed in French and published in Belgium. It is a sheet of the most engaging simplicity, and its contents would not "take in" a French or Belgian fly, let alone the *rusés* peasants of the northern departments and of Flanders. In this special number there is a gruesome tale of Guy de Maupassant's in which a French woman, in 1870, poisoned some German soldiers who billeted themselves in her cottage after infamous behaviour in the village. The week before, it appears, the egregious *Gazette des Ardennes* had a tale by the same distinguished author called "Nos Anglais," in which we were reproved for making ourselves too much at home on the French Riviera—some twenty-five years ago! Needless to say, all the so-called news from various capitals is of the Wolff Bureau type.

The Boche and the Fashions.

German Generals, it seems, are much exercised at the trend of the new fashions, and are busy seizing "new models" out of the shop-windows in the big towns of the Fatherland. The short skirt must not be seen on the sacred person of the female Boche, lest it should appear she was slavishly copying the hated Frenchwoman. But German *fraus* and *fräuleins*, when they are "dressed," are excessively so, and not for them are the horrors of the *Reform-Kleid*, or hats manufactured at home. It is a parlous affair, and no one can foresee the end. I should think that Germans are not artistic or light-handed enough to invent a new costume, though Vienna, to be sure, used to run Paris hard in the matter of elegance. Perhaps we shall see the demoralising spectacle of all Germany depending upon Austria for its clothes. The Austrians are too easy-going and have too much sense of humour to bring in sumptuary laws or to prohibit flounced skirts in milliners' windows. Yet one cannot but have a certain respect for this Teutonic outburst against the foolish crinoline and the like. This world war, with all its sorrows and cruelties, was not a period in which extravagant and foolish modes should have been "brought in." The Parisian dressmakers say they are invented solely for Americans—North and South—yet how overwhelming is still the influence of the Rue de la Paix in England alone. You can see it in Bond Street at this hour.

Rudyard Kipling and Anatole France.

Nothing could be more typical of the attitude of England and France just now than two pamphlets on the war—one, by Rudyard Kipling, called "The Fringes of the Fleet"; the other, by Anatole France, called "Sur la Voie Glorieuse." Both are admirable, but it is impossible not to see that wild horses could not have compelled Mr. Kipling to call his stirring booklet, "On the Path of Glory"; while, if M. Anatole France had set out to tell of the wonders of the submarine and the heroism of the patrols and mine-sweepers, he would have given his story a much more



A CHARMING ACTRESS: MISS MARGA LA RUBIA.

We give a new portrait of Miss Marga La Rubia, the popular actress, who, we understand, is to be seen at a London theatre before long. In private life, she is the wife of Mr. José G. Levy, the well-known dramatist, actor-manager, and adapter of French plays.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

grandiloquent name than "The Fringes of the Fleet." While Kipling quotes a ribald signaller on a British submarine, the author of "Les Dieux ont Soif" treats us to Herodotus, and is just a trifle over-lyrical on the subject of the gallant poilu. Maurice Barrès understands the gay and imperturbable British attitude towards war. I wonder if it is as acceptable to Anatole France?

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Two Men, a Spinster, and a Boat.

Then came the solemn covenant. Said Freckles: "I propose—simply because I have no money to speak of myself—that we do the whole thing on one hundred and fifty pounds each . . . you are wondering how anyone—especially a Nut and a Spinster—can reach the South Sea Islands, see anything of them, and live for a year on considerably less than you would spend in England in six months."

To Australia.

So, in due time, preparations were made. The first thing that occurred to the feminine mind was barter. To her "barter and the South Sea Islands were inevitably associated; hence the purchase of a trunkful of bead necklaces, coloured cloth, fish-hooks, and pocket-knives. . . . The Nut bade a tearful farewell to his car, his ponies, and his favourite trouser-stretchers, ordered six sets of tropical suiting, and gave a farewell dinner at the Savoy. Freckles bought as little as possible." So to Australia by emigrant ship; arrival in New South Wales, the "Ma" State; and the purchase of a yacht, promptly called the *Wanderlust* (it was before the war).

Faults of the "Wanderlust"; and Devices.

The last transaction began the trouble. The adventurers' craft developed faults, notably "weeping." Much overhauling made her practically a new boat; but—there was an engine! The three set out, piloted by The Skipper. The *Wanderlust* became a non-stop switchback, and it was necessary to employ a sea-anchor. "This invaluable adjunct to small craft in deep waters demands a word of explanation. To look at, it is nothing more than an overgrown canvas jelly-bag; but, when heaved over a boat's bows on a few fathoms of stout manila, it fills with water, and, floating yet submerged, offers sufficient resistance to keep her head on."

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Generally speaking, fortune was not with the voyagers—to use the Australian vernacular for the cause of ill-luck, "somebody had killed a Chinaman"! At least, however, there were lessons other than those of navigation! "Living, moving, and having their being in a space of eight feet by twelve—the actual dimensions of the *Wanderlust's* cabin, including four bunks and a table—it may be imagined how thoroughly four human beings became acquainted with every turn and twist of one another. A man may think he knows his friend, but in hard times finds himself dealing with a comparative stranger. Character, habits, trend of thought stand out in appalling relief, and for this very reason the secret of all good-fellowship—tolerance—is more in demand than any other virtue."

The Seed of the Kentia.

Lord Howe was the first land struck: Lord Howe, an island four hundred and eighty-odd miles E.N.E. from Sydney, whose one hundred and fifty inhabitants make a living by gathering the seeds of the Kentia palm. Lord Howe Island is the birthplace of this very ornamental plant, and, "what is still more curious, this isolated rock in the South Pacific is the only place in the world where it will bear seed." There are banyans also. "One of these trees on Lord Howe Island covers the almost incredible area of three acres." Disaster came at Norfolk Island—and the end of the *Wanderlust*. For that, and much more, you must read the book.

"The Chequered Cruise: A True and Intimate Record of Strenuous Travel." By Ralph Stock. With 44 Illustrations. (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d. net.)



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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



Ankles.

This particular portion of a woman's anatomy has become very important, because it is the fashion to make it the object of something like a competitive examination. Happily, now, we are no longer subjected to the sight of clumsy spats. The orders in council are striped or plain stockings—not transparent—to match the dress, and neat shoes, usually patent leather, with a wide ribbon bow and a natty little buckle—very smart too; and a good place to look for the very latest in foot-gear is Debenham's, in Wigmore Street. Stockings are a specialty there, and shoes are their sisters and brothers.

Horses Once Again.

There are quite a lot of lady whips in the Park these days. Horses are supposed to be a war-time economy, and cheaper than motor-cars. Whatever the reason, one welcomes them back, if only to see the smart, business-like turn-out of the drivers. I saw one tooling along a smart pair of cobs; she was dressed in purple taffeta and cloth, with small touches of sable here and there, and was wearing a little purple feather toque with a high upstanding feather in front, and a

pair of particularly neat yet, practical driving-gloves of doeskin with very apparent black stitching. No woman that I ever saw at a wheel looked so attractive as this lady at the reins. Another morning I saw a smart turn-out—a dog-cart and a pair of brown polo-ponies tandem. The lady whip was all in brown, and her hat was brown trimmed with rose-red wings. She was rattling along at a smart pace which made me think of the late Countess Howe tooling a team along the Ladies' Mile or down Piccadilly, and I wondered if such times would come again.

High Heads.

If men are giving up high hats, women are taking to them. The crowns of the new spring models are in many cases quite of the stove-pipe order, and the brims are rather wide.

I find them exceedingly becoming, especially to young faces. Ribbon trimming is quite the vogue—a few hats are almost top-heavy with it, every one has some ribbon decoration. It is comforting to know a large percentage is sent from Coventry, where making it is our own and ancient industry. How the loss of the piles of beautiful millinery being brought over from Paris by an American buyer, and swept off the deck of the Channel steamer in rough weather, filled the feminine heart with woe!

A DAINY FROCK OF OYSTER-WHITE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE AND EMERALD GREEN.

The feature of this frock is its frills, and the emerald-green sash embroidered in silver gives a welcome note of colour.

Such an untimely end for the dear, drowned hats! I expect the mermaids have left these submarine-infested waters, so they could not have seen what the land-maids are wearing just now.

Blazers.

The latest coats, seen on golf-links and at the seaside, are much in the nature of college blazers—alternate stripes of white and colour. Some colour, too! I have seen one in cardinal and white silk, with cardinal collar, cuffs, and waist-sash with fringed ends; another was emerald-green and white; and yet another old-gold and white. One felt rather glad of them in these drab days. They were on slim girls wearing Panama hats with ribbons to match their coats, and white serge skirts; they arrived in the same car—one of them driving—at the same golf club, and were joined by three officers. The stripes and the khaki went excellently together in more ways than one!

Military Millinery.

There is a great attraction about millinery with a little air of the Army about it. I saw a toque of folded tulle the other day, evidently inspired by the caps of the Flying Corps. As if to point the moral and adorn the hat, there were a pair of outspread wings in orange feathers at one side and level with the toque, which was brown. In front was a high brush of ruched brown tulle. It was very smart, and hailed, I was told, from Harrod's. The very shiny straws are not having the vogue here that was expected for them in Paris. They look a little too like oilskin to please us. We have a very uncertain climate and know it, but like to forget it as much as possible.

The Latest Luncheons

Are two-course affairs given at people's own houses, and followed by two hours' work for war. Each guest—these are hen conventions—brings whatever work she is interested in. If it is sewing, they sit doing it and chatting in the drawing-room; if writing, there is a table or two in the library; and if cutting out—why, then the industrious ones repair to the billiard-room, for which, in some houses, a special cover has been provided, rendering it excellent for this purpose. The work is individual, not collective, the party being simply a rendezvous for friends, with no interruption to work. I was at one lately where we had *noisette de boeuf*, followed by asparagus, and coffee and cigarettes. It was a pleasant meal, and broke the monotony of working always in one place. If we women had a complaint to make about our work for the war, it would be its sameness; but we make, of course, no complaint—far from it!

Education, like other things, has been more or less thrown into the melting-pot by the war, and there has been much discussion of late as to the future of the public schools, caused, incidentally, by the resignation of the Headmaster of Eton. The new 1916 edition of the "Public Schools Year Book" (The Year-Book Press) comes, therefore, at an opportune moment, as an aid to taking stock of the present state of things scholastic. The book, which is in its twenty-seventh year of issue, is extremely useful both to teachers and parents and business people connected with schools. The Army and Navy sections have been carefully brought up to date.



A FORECAST FOR A SUMMER FROCK.

This much-flounced skirt of cream lace and tulle is worn under a serious little coat of Madonna-blue taffeta with ruchings all round it.



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of Spoons, Forks & Cutlery

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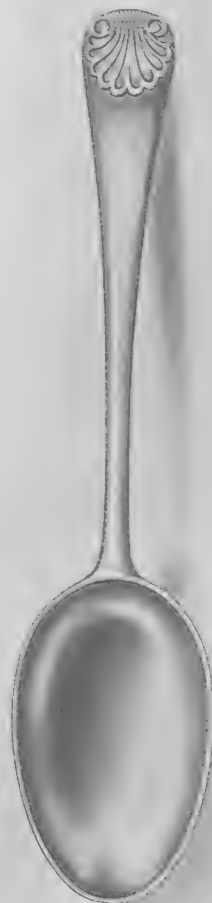
12 Table Forks	12 Table Knives	12 Cheese Knives
12 Dessert Forks	(Xylonite Handles)	(Xylonite Handles)
12 Dessert Spoons	6 Table Spoons	6 Tea Spoons
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE BAN ON "PLEASURE" CARS: WHAT HAPPENED AT EASTER: MOTOR V. RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

Some Queer Contrasts.

Motorists may be forgiven if they call attention to some of the extraordinary contrasts which have been brought about by the doings of the War Savings Committee and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In their respective spheres they represent inconsistency personified, for it is quite impossible to reconcile their actions with the standards they have set up, or attempted to set up during the past two months. The Committee, for example, has counselled economy, though it has done nothing really noticeable in this line, save to make a dead set against motorists as a class; but it has chosen to enforce its precepts by means of colossal posters, twenty times the size that would have been sufficiently effective, at a time when the country is suffering from a paper shortage, while the supremely indiscriminating fashion in which its campaign has been conducted is demonstrated by the fact that these posters are stuck up without reference to the locality. One of them even confronts the organ-grinders of the Italian quarter! As for Mr. McKenna, he has declared that people should "by all means" go to amusements, adding that it is "good for them and good for the Exchequer." Why, then, should so-called "pleasure" motoring be discouraged? It provides sixpence a gallon in direct revenue for the petrol consumed, and would maintain cars in use, which would therefore contribute abnormally heavy taxes, whereas, if laid by, the cars are exempt from additional taxation. The Chancellor himself, be it noted, has abandoned his own car, and does not, therefore, assist the revenue in this respect, although he advocates amusements. One would have thought, too, that a Cabinet Minister might usefully devote his car to philanthropic work rather than dispose of it or lay it up; the voluntary organisations for the transport of the wounded are already suffering heavily from official and unofficial precepts and inordinate taxation, and have not cars enough to go round.

"Excusable" Extravagance.

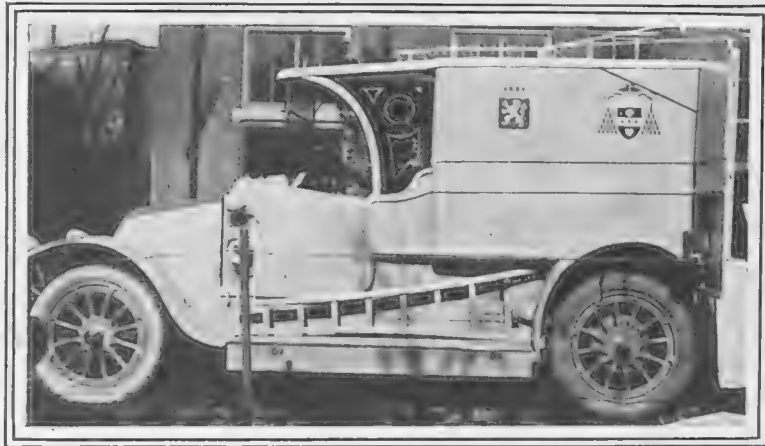
On the other hand, what did the recent holidays reveal as regards the methods of the non-motoring community? The exodus, by railway, to the seaside was enormous, and there was a perfect orgy of spending. Munition-workers invaded the first-class carriages, and even paid for all the seats available in the Pullmans. The Government did, in the first instance, propose to tax this form of locomotion, but the proposal was almost immediately withdrawn, although motoring locomotion, which is much more economical where light cars are concerned, is to be taxed to the utmost, and discouraged altogether by the War Savings Committee. Then, again, the private motorist, who is doing more in a practical way to help the country than any other voluntary worker, is also expected to bear with equanimity the spectacle of unlimited joy-riding by the proletariat

on motor-buses. The London General Omnibus Company has advertised the resumption of its summer services of country outings, with numerous additions to its previous routes. What is this but pleasure motoring, and without either taxation or responsibility? No one grudges the working-man his Sunday trip on a motor-bus, but at least it may be said that what is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander, and if country rides are excusable for the one class, they are equally excusable for the other. And be it remembered that these trips on motor-

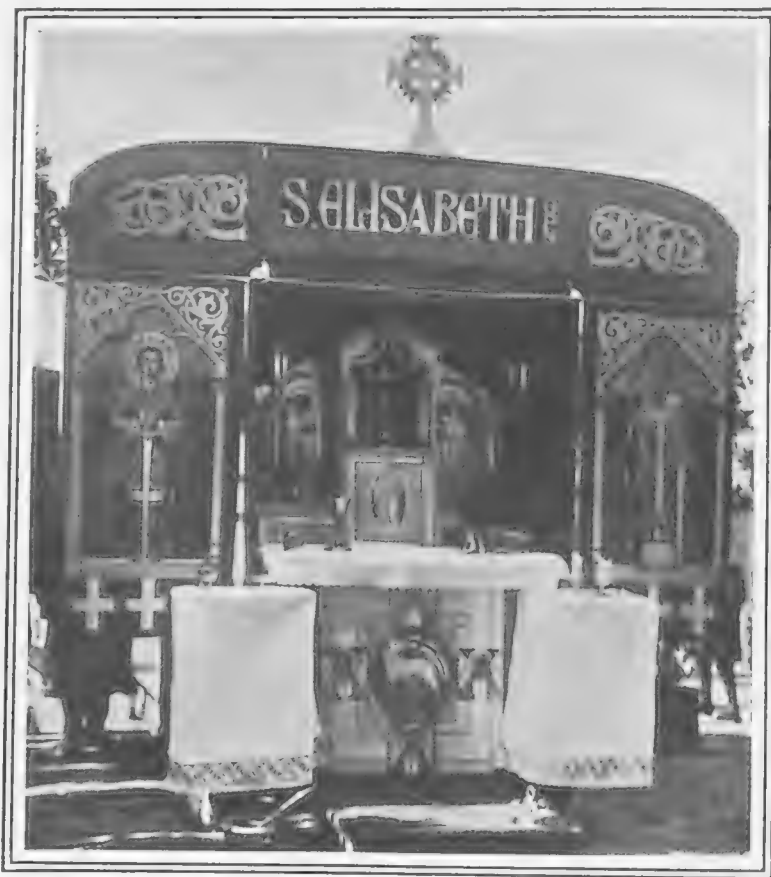
buses do infinitely more damage to the roads than journeys made on private cars, also that it was solely on account of the roads that the petrol-tax and engine-tax were ever imposed upon motorists at all.

The Economy of Motor Travel.

No motorist, of course, is advocating the resumption of "pleasure" motoring under pre-war conditions, although the deliverance of the Chancellor as to amusements and the big programme of the L.G.O. Company would justify it to the full. What car-owners do complain of is that cars employed in useful work are alone to be taxed to a degree of frightfulness under the new scheme, while their use at all is practically discountenanced by the class prejudice of the War Savings Committee. If a man ventures on to the road at all with a car, who is to know at sight whether it is being used for "pleasure" or otherwise? And a fact that appears to have been completely lost sight of by the War Savings Committee is that the great majority of motorists are practising economy instead of indulging in extravagance if they use their cars in lieu of the railway, for cars of the high-powered and expensive-to-use type are in a very decided minority. Here is a case which is typical of many. A man I know of drove his wife and children down to a Sussex farmstead for the Easter holidays. The place was miles from any station, and what with cab-fares at both ends, and tickets severally for the passengers and driver, and tips to expectant porters, the cost of the journey would have been immensely greater than it was if it had been made by train. Consequently the only argument that could prevail against the employment of the car would be that a motorist and his family are not entitled to any holiday at all, while all other classes may enjoy themselves to the full, provided they go by rail, and do not visit unfrequented spots, where living is cheap, but betake themselves to seaside resorts where expenses are on the maximum scale, and "amusements" are available on every hand for the enrichment of the Exchequer. The upshot of the matter is that there is little rhyme and less reason about the anti-motoring campaign, which was dictated by a Labour M.P. in a spirit of class-prejudice, without any practical knowledge of the subject, and without making any attempt to gather evidence as to the utility and practical economy of motoring.



PRESENTED TO KING ALBERT, FOR THE USE OF THE BELGIAN ARMY
AN AUTOMOBILE CHAPEL—THE EXTERIOR.



THE MOTOR-CAR CHAPEL READY FOR A SERVICE: THE ALTAR.

The automobile chapel here illustrated was consecrated a few days ago, at The Hague. It has been presented to King Albert for the use of the Belgian Army, and is the gift of M. Louis Coettermans, Consul for Persia in Antwerp. It will be noted that the back opens to form part of the altar.—[Photographs by Topical.]

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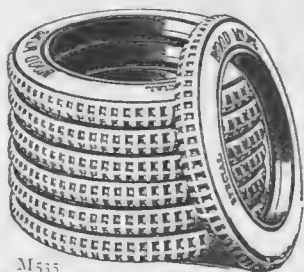
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DE MAJOR

"What I do think of the past two years? Ah, *waarlyk!* what changes . . . Liège, Namur, Anvers, the Yser, and now England for a rest. What interests me most in Englishmen? It is that they look contented, and that they always smoke. I am told that they look contented because they smoke. I have been given one of their cigarettes, called Cavander's "Army Club," and *nu verstaan ik!* (now I understand). It is the Cigarette that makes them feel contented."

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"TOTO" is the kind of musical comedy which is best described as a farce with songs and choruses; and its author, Miss Gladys Unger, has drawn freely upon that witty farce by Capus, "Les Deux Ecoles," which she adapted some time ago for the English stage. Its theme is the very old one of errant husbands and wives indignant or resigned; and it will perhaps be remembered that great play is made with a scene in a restaurant where two tables are occupied by the divorced husband and the other woman,

and the divorced wife and her husband's very respectable but boring successor; and so tired are the husband and wife with the change that they come together again. There is not very much of the wit of the original French left, but it serves its purpose well enough. This purpose is chiefly to illustrate what the wonderfully sprightly and clever Miss Mabel Russell can do as a shameless little hussy whose life is apparently devoted to upsetting the morals of husbands. She carries most of the entertainment through by her irresistible light-heartedness and gaiety and humour; and it would be difficult to imagine anyone playing the part to such perfection. There is attractive music by Mr. Archibald Joyce and Mr. Merlin Morgan, whose work shows originality and just the right touch of lightness; and justice is done to it by the singing of Miss Enid Sass, Miss Louie Pounds,

and Mr. Peter Gawthorne. Mr. Stanley Turnbull was on the first night hampered by a bad cold, but may by this time have worked up the humours of the usual elderly gentleman of farce; but there is no specially funny part for a male comedian. Possibly it was thought that Miss Mabel Russell would make anything more unnecessary; and in this the producers of the entertainment were probably quite right.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, far better known as "Q," has turned one of his most popular novels, "The Mayor of Troy," into a play, with Mr. Ainley as the central figure—the bumptious and conceited ruler of a little Cornish town in the days of Napoleon, who is captured by the French, and returns after ten years (a much wiser man) to find that, though his memory is most undeservedly worsened, his return is by no means desired. The play has the usual defects of the adapted novel in that it is disjointed and rather inconsequent, and its happenings are not always easily understood by anyone who has not read the book. But it has touches of "Q's" humour, and something of the glamour of the time; and it gives opportunities for several clever little sketches of character, notable among which are the vicar of Mr. Lyall Swete, the customs officer of Mr. Miles Malleson, the surly and faithful old servant of Mr. Frederick Groves, and the genial sailor of Mr. Ernest Hendrie. Mr. Ainley was not quite the old Mayor in the first act, not being cut out for the part of a swollen-headed old humbug, but he played the later



AWARDED THE D.S.O.: LIEUTENANT
C. A. SMITH, R.N.V.R.

Lieutenant Cyril Aldin Smith, R.N.V.R., is one of the sons of Mr. Samuel Smith, of Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square. He won his D.S.O. in Flanders in March, for "conspicuous gallantry." "On two successive nights," says the "London Gazette," he "went forward to the enemy's wire, superintended the laying of torpedoes, and blew gaps in the enemy's wire."—[Photo. by Lambert Weston.]



ENGAGED TO LADY ROSE BOWES-LYON:
COMMANDER LEVESON-GOWER, R.N.

Commander the Hon. William Spencer Leveson-Gower, of the Royal Navy, is the younger son of the Dowager-Countess Granville, and brother and heir-presumptive of Earl Granville. He was promoted to Commander in June 1913. Lady Rose Bowes-Lyon is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

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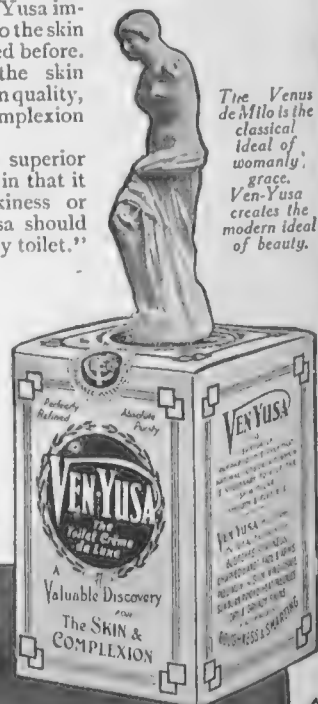
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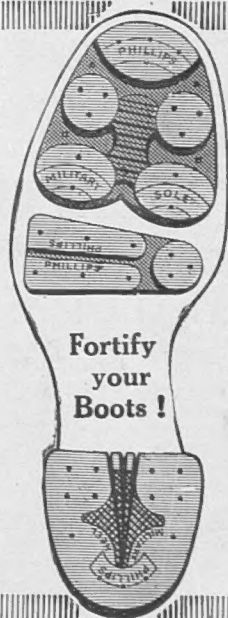
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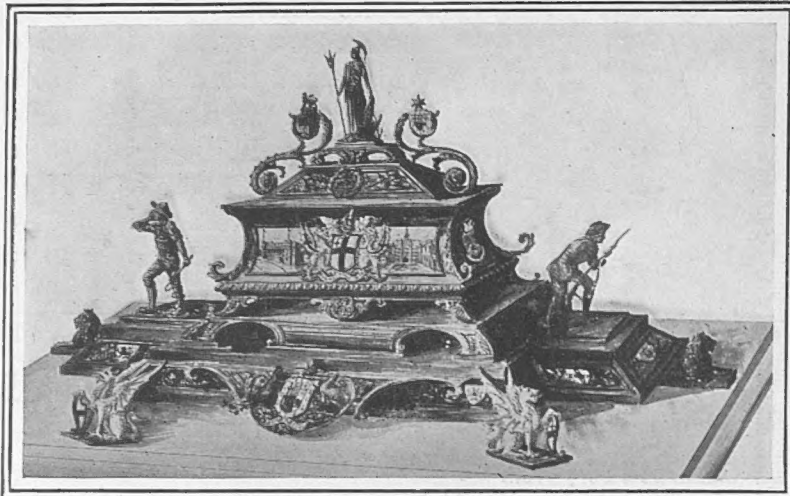


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coming into proper contact with it—
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Continued.
acts with dignity and power, and with the spirit of the old commander returned to the scene of his triumphs. The ladies have but little to do, but the two most substantial parts are prettily played by Miss Hilda Bruce Potter and Miss Peggy Rush. On the whole, it is an interesting play, thanks to its local colour and its curious air of simplicity; but it will hardly rank with Mr. Ainley's latest successes.

The new revue at the Alhambra promises extremely well, for it is not only gorgeous with the customary gorgeousness of revues, but it is very fortunate in having three such comedians as Mr. Alfred Lester, Mr. George Robey, and Miss Violet Loraine so fully occupied for so large a part of the time. The two former come up from the country to see London in all the aspects familiar in revue, and the latter is a housemaid—also up from the country—who plays all sorts of parts, being even a Duchess in her day. She is wonderfully entertaining in everything she does, and her brilliant gift of burlesque is seen to great advantage; and in their widely different ways



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Mr. Lester and Mr. Robey keep the fun going with great success. A feature of the evening is the dancing of the Alhambra favourite, Miss Phyllis Monkman; altogether, "The Bing Boys Are Here" has started on its way with an exceptionally hopeful prospect of long life.

The universal sympathy which the affliction of blindness commands should ensure great results from the effort which is to be made on "Blinded Heroes' Sunday," May 28, when an appeal is to be made for the funds of the Blinded Soldiers and Sailors Care Committee, of which Mr. C. Arthur Pearson is Chairman. It is proposed to hold a high-class entertainment at the leading music-hall in each town in the United Kingdom, and all the variety houses in London and the suburbs, one Sunday evening, the suggested date being May 28. Mr. Frank Allan, managing director of Moss's Empires, Ltd., which controls nearly forty variety theatres, is forming an influential committee of leading music-hall proprietors and managers; the variety profession, with its usual generosity, will "do its bit," and the Mayor of each town will be invited to establish a sub-committee and so lend his personal aid to this benevolent undertaking. The proprietors of cinema theatres will also be asked to join in the kindly movement.

Art-lovers and the public in general alike will be pleased with that admirable souvenir of the present year's exhibition at Burlington House, "The Royal Academy Illustrated, 1916," published by authority of the Royal Academy, for it is beautifully produced in photogravure and costs only the moderate sum of two shillings. It was inevitable that there should be a certain number of "war pictures" on the walls, but that phase of art, with its glory, its pathos, and its pain, is not too obtrusively present. It is a matter for congratulation that so beautiful and comprehensive a souvenir of the annual exhibition should be obtainable at so moderate a price.



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BAD FORM IN ADDRESS. By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

ARE the posters issued by the National Organising Committee for War Savings, being paid for out of the people's money?

If so, I protest most strongly against this waste of money and this unwarrantable interference with the country's trade. Their advice, "Don't buy new clothes," I have already criticised. It will seriously prejudice a great body of retailers, merchants and woollen manufacturers—one of Britain's greatest industries.

Now we see all over London in great letters, "Don't use your motor-car for pleasure." In making the five millions a day to pay for the war, we business men have not much time left for pleasure, and we don't want opprobrium cast upon us

if we use our cars for week-ends. In the recent Budget there is a greatly increased licence for us to pay and an already heavy petrol tax. Do the Government wish to collect these taxes or do they not?

One of the arguments used on these posters is that if we refrain from buying new clothes or running our cars, we shall release men for munition work. If after nearly two years' war we have not sufficient munition workers, it is a most appalling indictment of the Government, and if there is any shortage of petrol for Army supplies, it is the duty of the Government to proclaim it at once.

To the logical business mind the problems of the day are simple. If the Government want more men for the Army and

for munitions, conscript them without a moment's delay. If there is a shortage of petrol or its transport, stop the use of all private cars to-morrow.

It is simply ludicrous to attempt to run a nation by poster campaigns, and if these methods are not deemed necessary by the Government, then the exhortations of the National Organising Committee are an impertinence and injurious to the national interests, for it is imperative to the prosperity of the country that trade must be encouraged and money circulated.

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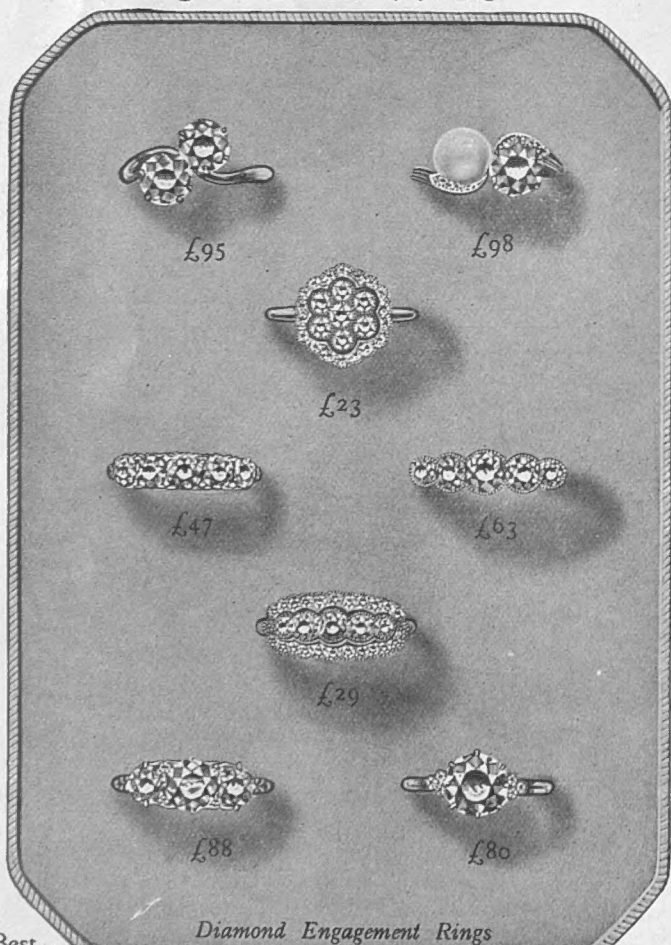
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